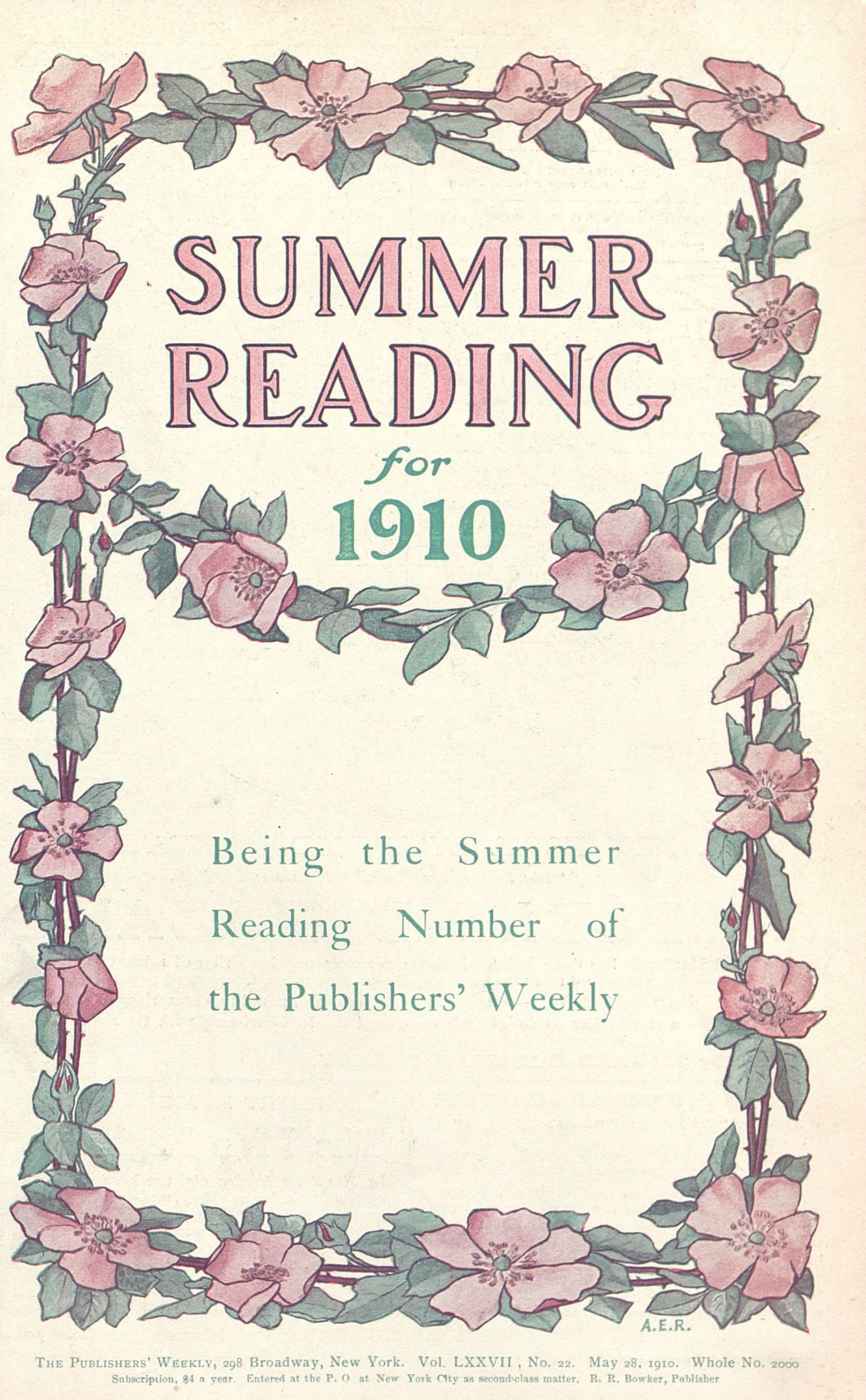




SUMMER READING

for
1910

Being the Summer
Reading Number of
the Publishers' Weekly

A.E.R.

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Drawn by
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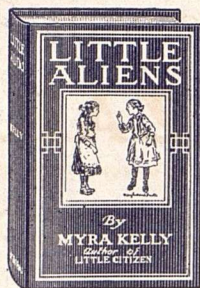
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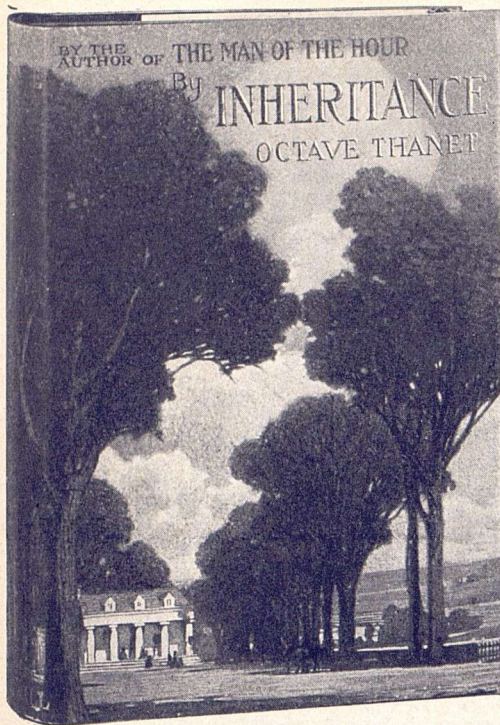
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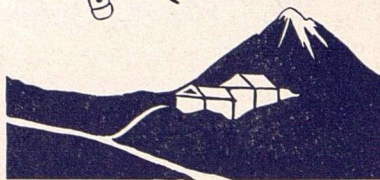
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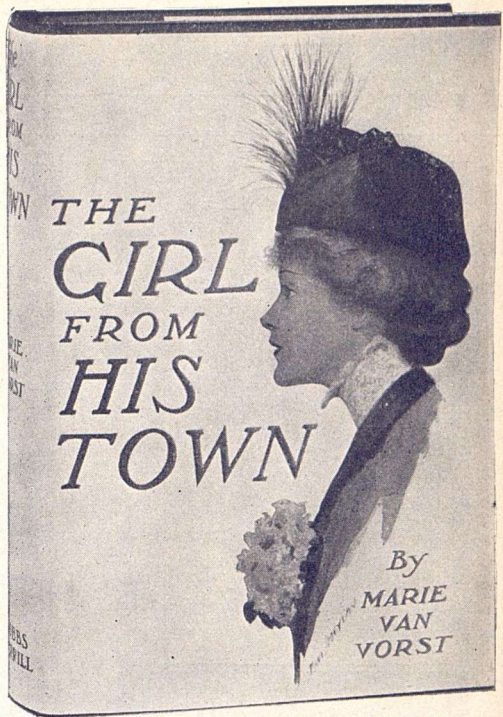
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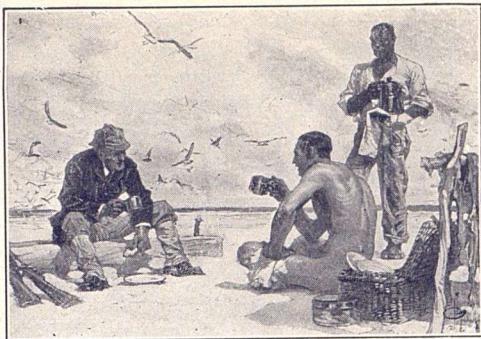
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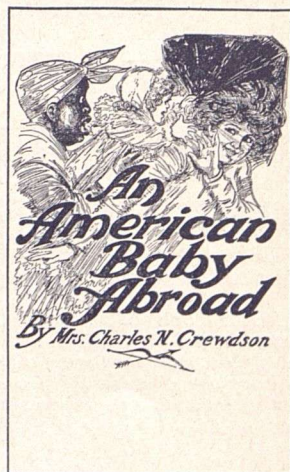
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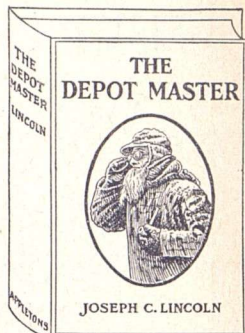
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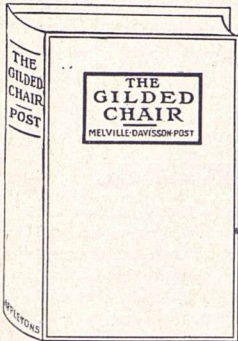
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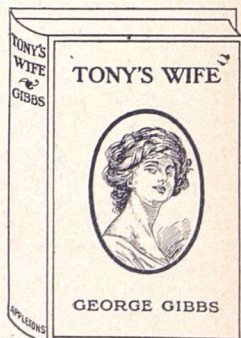
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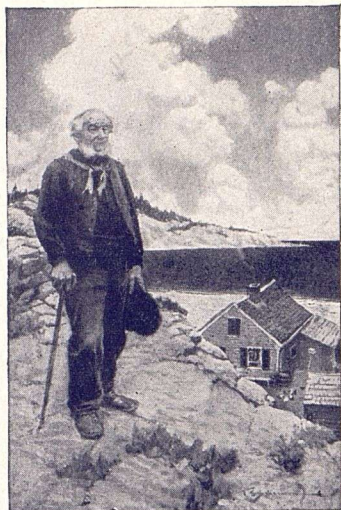
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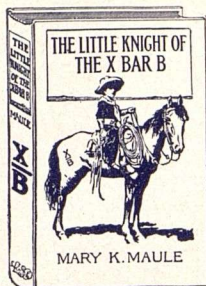
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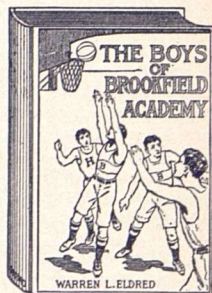
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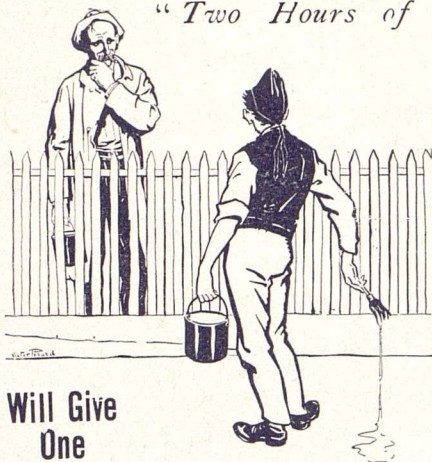
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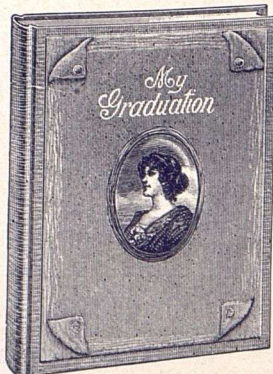
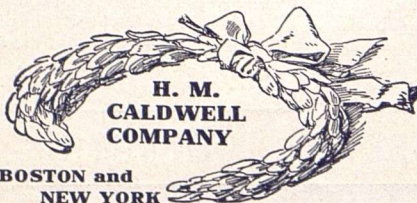
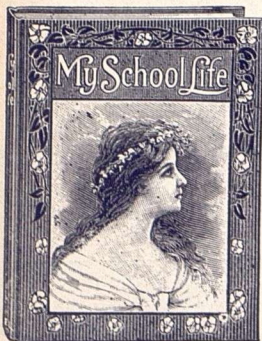
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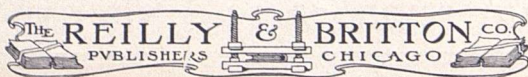
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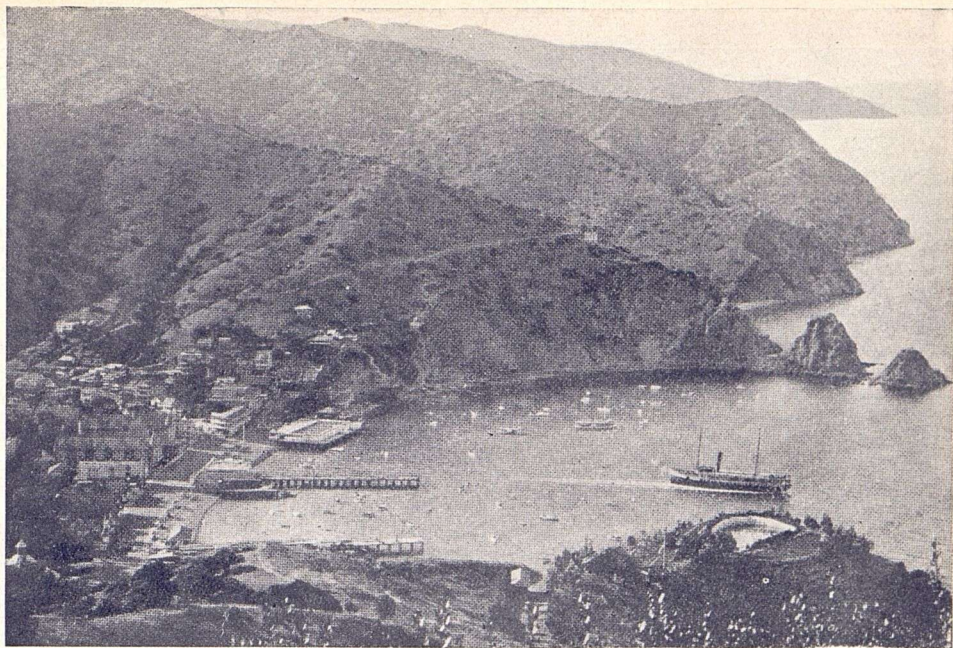
Ever since the publication of "The Common Lot," if not before, Mr. Herrick was recognized as by far the most authoritative interpreter of modern social conditions in the United States. His work is notable for its breadth, its power of measuring men in the mass, and his fearless insistence on seeing and telling the truth.

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One phase of this growing interest is manifesting itself more and more each year in the increasing number of books for children, teaching them at an early age to know and love Nature in all her many-sided beauty.

Gardens naturally appeal to the little people, and among the books especially devoted to them may be mentioned "The Children's Book of Gardening," by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick and Mrs. Paynter. Twelve full-page drawings in color by Mrs. Cayley-Robinson are a particularly attractive feature of this book, which tells how to make many kinds of flowers grow, both indoors and out. "Little Gardens for Boys and Girls," by Myrta M. Higgins, gives just the information

needed as to seeds, plants, tools, and the work which must be done each season to have a successful garden. Henry G. Griscom's "Children's Gardens for Pleasure, Health and Education" and Maria L. Greene's "Among School Gardens," though not written directly for children, contain so much that will help the grown-ups, whether teachers or parents, in showing the small person how to make things grow, that they may well be mentioned here.

Closely associated with gardens, as either their friends or enemies, are the insects; and Julia A. Schwartz, in her "Wonderful Little Lives," describes in simple but scientifically accurate phrase the habits and lives of many of the commoner of these humble garden residents. Of similar scope is the "Insect Wonderland" of Constance M. Foot, a book written in the form of conversations between the insects, which takes advantage of the child's natural love for the unusual and wonderful. Similarly entertaining nature-study is "A Holiday with the Birds," by Jeannette Marks and Julia Moody, whose "Little Busybodies" has proved so successful, giving the children,



From "The Black Bear."

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A MOTHER AND TWO CUBS.

in narrative form, much about the plumage, songs, nesting and daily habits of the common birds as they picnic, camp or go to the sea shore. C. R. Knight and Ella Hardcastle have two books on birds, "Birds of the Bible for Young People" and "Birds of the World for Young People," whose titles explain their scope.

For the adult reader, too, gardening in all its ramifications, from the window-box to the market garden, offers this season a host of attractive and useful books. The cry "back to nature," even when "nature" is encompassed by a backyard fence, is heard on all sides; and volumes telling "how to grow things" come forth in response to the call. "House Plants and How to Grow Them," by P. T. Barnes, and "Indoor Gardening," by Eben E. Rexford, are devoted to the growing of flowers in the house, while "The Garden Primer," by Grace Tabor and Gardner Teall, and "Hardy Plants for Cottage Gardens," by H. R. Albee, contain delightfully simple instructions for the making of small house gardens. In

narrative guise, but still a record of the joys and jokes that the owners of a suburban garden encounter is "A Garden in the Wilderness," by "A Hermit," the Hermit being really Hanna Rion Ver Beck.

A more dignified but no less general need has been met by Bernard E. Fernow, Professor of Forestry in the University of Toronto, in his "The Care of Trees in Lawn, Street and Park." This is written for amateurs, and tells how trees may

be given proper care. It also gives much systematic information about the selection and planting of ornamental trees and shrubs.

Birds are almost, if not quite, as popular a study as gardens. Mr. and Mrs. C. William Beebe's account of two ornithological expeditions to Venezuela and British Guiana, "Our Search for a Wilderness," combines travellers' tales with descriptions of birds. It is illustrated by many photographs by the authors. Thoreau, in his fourteen volumes of "Journals," had many notes on birds which



From "How to Keep Bees for a Profit."

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A FINE SYMMETRICAL SWARM WITHIN EASY REACH.

have not been hitherto accessible in any other form. Francis H. Allen has made this material easily available in a book he calls "Notes on New England Birds," in which he has grouped these notes according to species, and supplied illustrations from living birds. Herbert K. Job's "How to Study Birds" gives practical details for the identification of species.

Records of real experience with pets in extreme northeastern North America make up Edward Breck's "Wilderness Pets at Camp Buckshaw." The pets included a bear cub, a porcupine, an owl, frogs, beavers and other creatures quite as unusual in this relation. C. G. D. Roberts is well known as a lover of animals and sympathetic writer about them. "Kings in Exile," his latest book, has stories to tell of the buffalo, the bear, the wolf, former kings of the wild now driven into the exile of zoological gardens and menageries.

This year the reappearance of Halley's comet has stimulated interest in the heavens and the publishers have responded to the demand. "How to Study the Stars," by L. Rudaux, is such a volume of popular general instruction. "Comets, their Origin, Nature, and History," by H. W. Elson, and G. F.

Chambers' "The Story of the Comets" are more limited in subject, as their names imply.

Recreations of an athletic character also receive attention in this season's books. Devotees of golf, old and new, will find in Marshall Whitlatch's "Golf for Beginners and Others" how one business man taught himself and now passes on the knowledge gained. "Swimming," by E. T. Brewster, is arranged in a series of lessons, with special warnings against the mistakes commonly made, and much stress laid on correct breathing. Just about now the trout begin to rise, and the angler gets out rod, line and fly and tries to decide just what he had better take on this trip. Samuel G. Camp's "Fishing Kits and Equipment" will prove of great assistance in making the decision. It gives prices of various necessities.

Travelling is a universally popular form of summer recreation which probably has more books to its credit than any other. Legion are the sublimated guidebooks in which information is sugar-coated in the form of fiction, or served up in such an artistic and beautiful dressing of binding and pictures that hard, cold facts are palatable to the most pedagogically jaded appetite. Professor



From "The Care of Trees in Lawn, Street and Park."

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A PATENT WAGON CRANE FOR TRANSPLANTING LARGE TREES.

Harry Thurston Peck has a chatty volume of travel talks called "The New Baedeker," wherein many things and places in Europe and America receive comment and mention, just the things and places the "innocent abroad" would like to know, and never would know otherwise. "The Personal Conduct of Belinda," by Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd, is a merry little tale of a European trip personally conducted by a young and pretty teacher. "An American Baby Abroad," by Mrs. Charles N. Crewdson, tells much of Europe while recounting the many adventures that befell an attractive maiden left in charge of a small baby. South America is interestingly described and at the same time an entertaining story is told in Margaret Cameron's part-

ly autobiographical "The Involuntary Chap-eron."

Of weightier merit is Harry A. Franck's "Vagabond Journey Around the World," an account of a trip undertaken without money. The author went completely round the world, and as he worked his way or tramped he saw much more of the daily life in the different countries visited than is possible to the casual tourist. "Sport and Travel in the Far East," J. C. Grew; "In Closed Territory," E. B. Bronson; "The Land of the Lion," W. S. Rainsford, are but a few of the year's books devoted to shooting and travel in Asia and Africa. Even more interesting, however, is one in which a camera, not a gun, was the weapon, A. R. Dugmore's

"Camera Adventures in African Wilds," a marvellously vivid photographic record of wild animal life at close range.

Among the books that had been eagerly awaited by the scientific world, and are of equal interest to the general reading public, are Sven Hedin's "Trans - Himalaya," in which the famous explorer tells of his successful journey through Tibet to Lhassa, and Sir Ernest Shackleton's "The Heart of the Antarctic," a stirring record of splendid achievement. "Recreations of a Sportsman on the Pacific Coast," by Charles F. Holder, has much to tell of fishing and scenery on our western coast. Lake and river fish are caught, but the most thrilling adventure is the terrific struggle between a swordfish and Mr. Gifford Pinchot, one of the party. The reader follows breathlessly every incident until the huge creature is safely landed. Stay-at-home travellers, or the mighty easy-chair huntsmen can enjoy their favorite pastimes to the full, for seldom have books of this description offered greater variety.



From "John and Betty's History Visit"

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"YOU'LL FIND NOTHING AT ALL LIKE THIS STRANGE LITTLE CLOVELLY."

Some of the Fiction offered for Summer Reading

AS soon as the first leaves of the trees burst their buds, all the world and his wife—particularly his wife—begin to plan for summer holidays, and no plan is complete which does not contemplate a little reading. Any idea of improving one's mind may be neglected with a clear conscience, and the holiday-maker can revel in reading "just for fun." Novels naturally supply this demand for entertainment pure and simple, though this year the list includes so many writers of importance that the few unfortunates who, in spite of its being vacation time and all mankind a-junketing, feel obliged to improve their minds, may read fiction without a qualm.

William De Morgan did not disappoint his many admirers, who have come to count upon a story a year from him, and his "It Never Can Happen Again" was issued on the author's seventieth birthday. As usual there are many characters introduced, Lizarrann, a slum child, with Blind Jim, her father, being two of Mr. De Morgan's most successful creations. They really form the central interest of the book, though two other stories run through it.

H. DeVere Stackpoole, whose "The Blue Lagoon" made quite a stir in the English literary world two years ago, has a new book, "The Crimson Azaleas." He paints a vivid picture of Japan, with its wonderful scenery, gorgeous flowers and quaint inhabitants. Two Scotchmen and a Japanese girl, adopted by one of them, are the principal actors in a drama of character building rather than action, which ends in tragedy.

Twelve years ago Mrs. Voynich's "The Gadfly" appeared and was the cause of much criticism, favorable and otherwise. Now "An Interrupted Friendship" has come from



From "The Beauty."

Copyright, 1910, by The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

her pen, the chief figures in which are a lame girl, her devoted brother and his friend, and this curious triangular friendship leads to many discussions on literature and the problems of life. The scene is laid in South America, and the Gadfly once more is an actor on the stage.

Another author who has been silent for a long time and the centre of much expectant speculation is Rudyard Kipling. Two books are credited to him, though it seems probable that if he had been consulted he might have refused to countenance the issuing of "Aft the Funnel;" not because the stories are poor, for many of them have the real Kipling swing, but because they are some of his earliest newspaper tales that he had not deemed worthy of preservation in book form. The other volume, "Actions and Reactions," contains "An Habitation Enforced" and several other of the author's stories which have already appeared in magazines.

It will be remembered that Mr. Kipling



From "Hopalong Cassidy."

Copyright, 1910, by A. C. McClurg & Co.

HOPALONG DIDN'T INTEND TO HAVE ANY FIGHTING IN HER PRESENCE.

received the Nobel prize in 1907; it is interesting to note that we have a book to mention by this year's winner of the prize, Selma Lagerlöf. Her book is also a collection of short stories, but includes as well a scrap of autobiography in "The Story of a Story," which tells how "The Story of Gösta Berling," her first successful novel, was written.

"The Bride of the Mistletoe," by James Lane Allen, is the first of a trilogy of stories which are to be a study of the inner heart of thinking, feeling, suffering human beings. It describes the growing separation between

a man absorbed in his work, and a woman absorbed in the man. A novel by Winston Churchill is always welcome, and in "A Modern Chronicle," a story of a woman who makes two mistaken marriages before she finds herself and allows the good in her to rule, he has done what several people consider his best work so far. A story in which a brilliant, passionate Jew, a well-meaning, generous Southerner, and a plodding, self-sacrificing preacher love the same girl, and all of them work for social betterment in a Western town, is Thomas Nelson Page's

"John Marvel, Assistant," told with all this author's usual charm. Maurice Hewlett, in "The Ruinous Face," tells again the tale of Helen of Troy, while in "Open Country" he introduces Senhouse, the nature-loving university man, who wanders about the country, over mountain and dale and pours out his thoughts on things great and small, to Sanchia Percival, for whom he cherishes an unrequited passion.

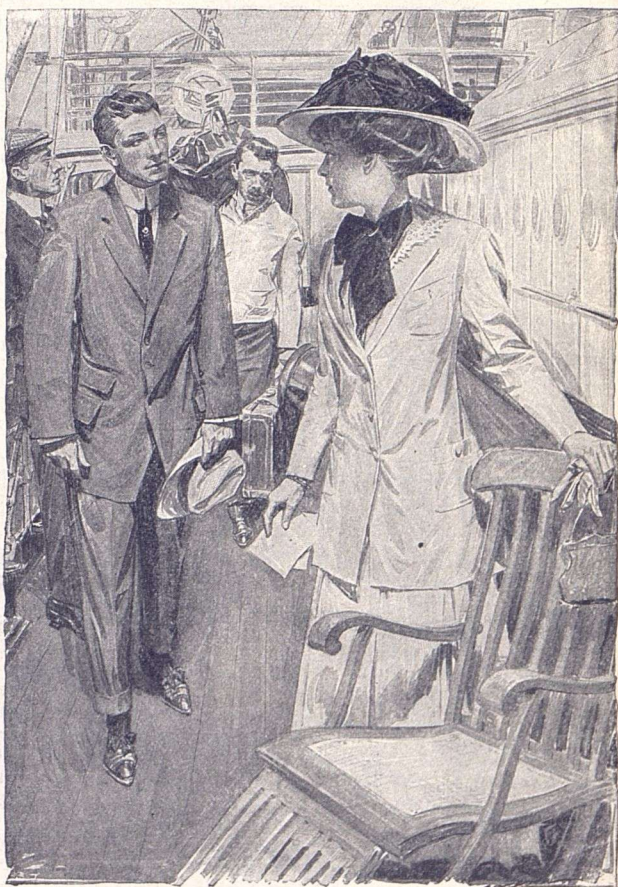
Whimsical W. J. Locke always is, and his new book, "Simon the Jester," is even more so than usual. Simon believes he is suffering from an incurable disease and can only live a few months. He, therefore, decides to spend those months doing good to his friends in ways which would be impossible if he were to have long years in which to contemplate results. The complications arising after he has carried out his plans and then recovers his health make the story. The new book by Henryk Sienkiewicz, "Whirlpools," is a powerful novel dealing with modern life, with an unusual love story.

Mrs. Atherton, in "Tower of Ivory," has told a story of the musical world of Munich and the temptation which a wonderful opera singer is to a young British diplomat, and has let her versatile mind do some fine work on art and music, especially Wagner's great "Ring," the heroine's greatest part being "Brunhilde." Two more posthumous books by F. Marion Crawford have appeared. One, "Stradella," again introduces Saracinesca; while "The Undesirable Governess" is an amusing little tale which will pass a few summer hours entertainingly. Mrs. Humphry Ward has a novel of Canadian life in "Lady Merton, Colonist," while B. Putnam Weale takes China as the setting for "The Human Cobweb."

Since our last year's "Summer Reading" two writers of fiction, whose books appear in this list, have passed away: Rosa Nouchette Carey, whose last book, "The Key to the Unknown," was on the press

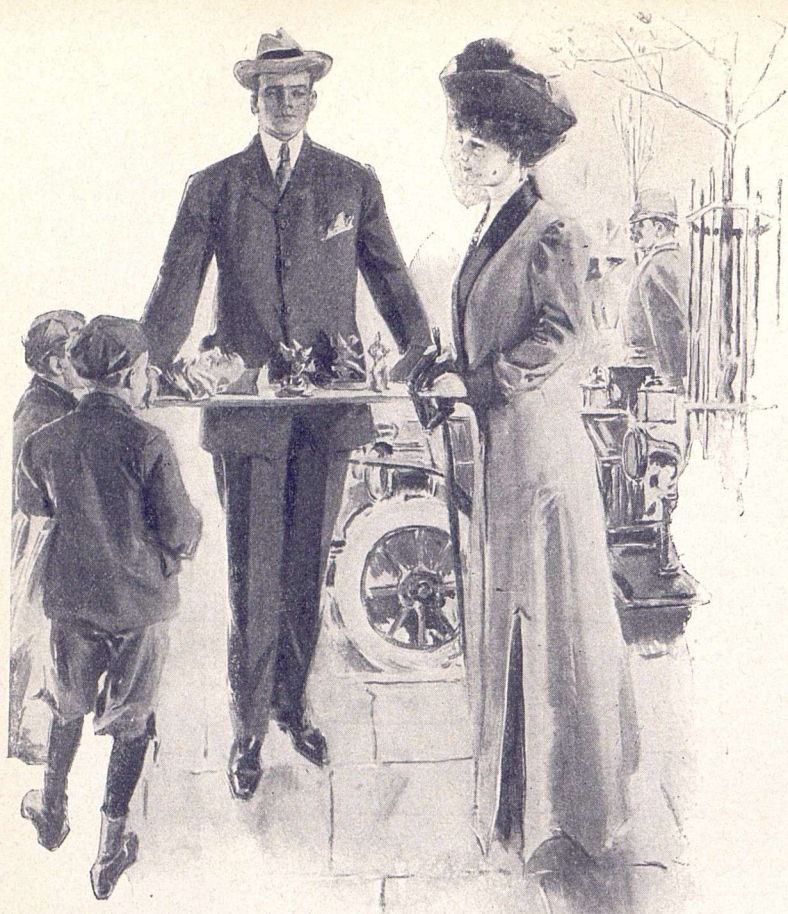
when she died last July, and Myra Kelly, after whose name we must also write "finis." Two books by this latter author are included in the season's output: "The Golden Season," a merry little tale of college girls and their pranks, and "Little Aliens," more stories of the small East Side Jewish children. Three new writers deserve special mention. These are Ian Hay, whose "The Right Stuff" is a thoroughly delightful novel of English political life; Mrs. Mary Wemyss, who has given a charmingly humorous and sympathetic sketch of the joys and trials of an unmarried sister in "The Professional Aunt;" and Patricia Wentworth, whose "A Marriage Under the Terror" was awarded the prize in the Melrose novel competition.

Detective stories, mystery tales, travellers' yarns, sport, nature—we recommend the reader to consult the lists at the end of this issue. He will be indeed hard to please who cannot find something to his taste.



From "The Godparents"

Copyright 1910, by Houghton Mifflin Co.



From "A Splendid Hazard."

Copyright, 1910, by The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

"HE'S A FAKE; HE AIN'T NO STATOO SELLER."

Sample Bits From the Season's Best Books

HILDEGARDE PLANS REVENGE.

From Harold McGrath's "A Splendid Hazard."
(Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

A LITTLE rubber at bridge was in progress. The admiral was playing with Mrs. Coldfield and Cathewe sat opposite Hildegard. The latter two were losing. She was ordinarily a skilful player, as Cathewe knew; but to-night she lost constantly, was reckless with her leads, and played carelessly into her opponents' hands. Cathewe watched her gravely. Never had he seen her more beautiful; and the apprehension that she would never be his was like a hand straining over his heart.

Yes, she was beautiful; but he did not know that there was death in her eyes and death in her smile. Once upon a time he had

believed that her heart had broken; but she was learning that the heart breaks, rebreaks, and breaks again.

How many times he stood on the precipice during the dinner hour, Breitmann doubtless would never be told. A woman scorned is an old story; still, the story goes on, retold each day. Education may smooth the externals, but underneath the fire burns just as furiously as of old. To this affront the average woman's mind leaps at once to revenge; and that she does not always take it depends upon two things: opportunity, and love, which is more powerful than revenge. Sometimes, on hot summer nights, clouds form angrily in the distance; vivid flashes dartle hither and about, which serve to intensify the evening darkness. Thus, a similar phenomenon was taking place in Hildegard von

Mitter's mind. The red fires of revenge danced before her eyes, blurring the spots on the cards, the blackness of despair crowding upon each flash. Let him beware! With a word she could shatter his dream; ay, and so she would. What! sit there and let him turn the knife in her heart and receive the pain meekly? No! It was the thoughtless brutality with which he went about this new affair that bit so poignantly. To show her, so indurately, that she was nothing, that, despite her magnificent sacrifice, she had never been more than a convenience, was maddening. There was no spontaneity in his heart; his life was a calculation to which various sums were added or subtracted. With all her beauty, intellect, genius and generosity, she had not been able to stir him as this young girl was unconsciously doing. She held no animosity for the daughter of her host; she was clear-visioned enough to put the wrong where it belonged.

"It is your lead," said the admiral patiently.

"Pardon me."

"It is the motion of the boat," hazarded Cathewe.



HONORA CLOSE TO DISASTER.

From Winston Churchill's
"A Modern Chronicle."
 (Macmillan Co.)

SHE was always going to take the train, and didn't. Whenever her mind was irrevocably made up, the automobile whirled away on all four cylinders for a half a mile or so, until they were out of reach of the railroad. There were trolley cars, to be sure, but those took forever to get anywhere. Four o'clock struck, five and six, when at last the fiend who had conspired with fate, having accomplished his evident purpose of compelling Honora to miss her dinner, finally abandoned them as suddenly and mysteriously as he had come, and the automobile was a lamb once more. It was half-past six and the sun had set, before they saw the lights twinkling all yellow on the heights of Fort George. At that hour the last train they could have

taken to reach the dinner-party in time was leaving the New York side of the ferry.

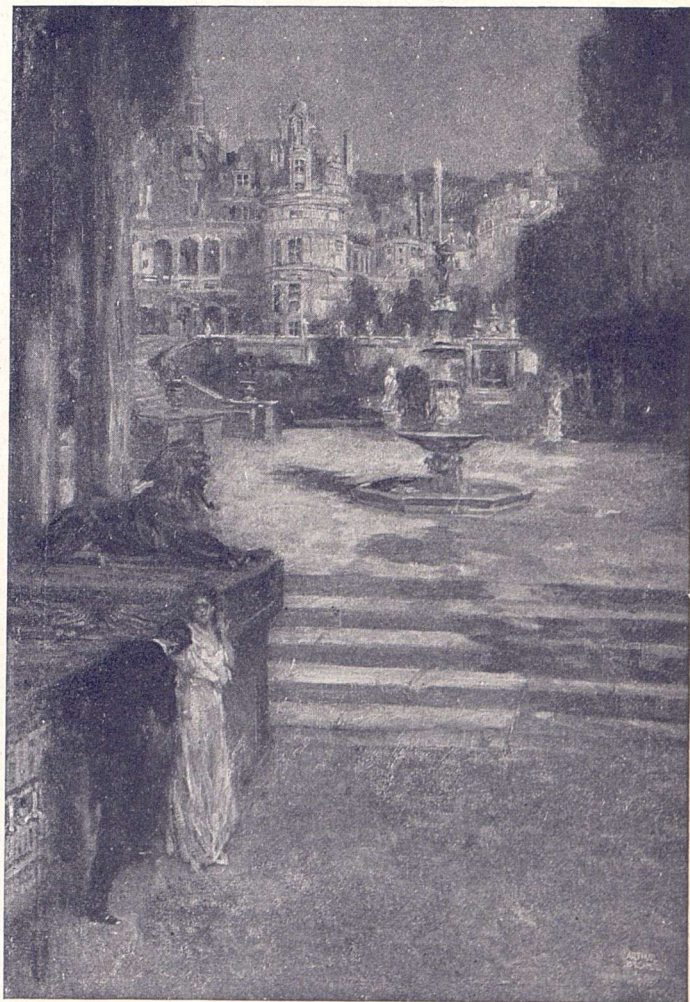
"What will they think?" cried Honora. "They saw us leave Delmoico's at two o'clock, and they didn't know we were going to Westchester."

It needed no very vivid imagination to summon up the probable remarks of Mrs. Chandos on the affair. It was all very well to say the motor broke down; but unfortunately Trixton Brent's reputation was not much better than that of his car.

Trixton Brent, as might have been expected, was inclined to treat the matter as a joke.

"There's nothing very formal about a Quicksands dinner-party," he said. "We'll have a cosy little dinner in town, and call 'em up on the telephone."

She herself was surprised at the spirit of recklessness stealing over her, for there was, after all, a certain appealing glamour in the adventure. She was thrilled by the swift,



From "The Gilded Chair,"

Copyright, 1910, by D. Appleton & Co.

"THE NIGHT WAS RATHER A SORT OF FAIRY DAY."

gliding motion of the automobile, the weird and unfamiliar character of these upper reaches of a great city in the twilight, where new houses stood alone or in rows on wide levelled tracts; and old houses, once in the country, were seen high above the roadway behind crumbling fences, surrounded by gloomy old trees with rotting branches. She stole a glance at the man close beside her; a delightful fear of him made her shiver, and she shrank closer into the corner of the seat.

"Honora!"

All at once he had seized her hand again, and held it in spite of her efforts to release it.

"Honora," he said, "I love you as I have never loved in my life. As I never shall love again."

"Oh—you mustn't say that!" she cried.

"Why not?" he demanded. "Why not, if I feel it?"

"Because," faltered Honora, "because I can't listen to you."

Brent made a motion of disdain with his free hand.

"I don't pretend that it's right," he said. "I'm not a hypocrite, anyway, thank God! It's undoubtedly wrong, according to all moral codes. I've never paid any attention to them. You're married. I'm happy to say I'm divorced. You've got a husband. I won't be guilty of the bad taste of discussing him. He's a good fellow enough, but he never thinks about you from the time the Exchange opens in the morning until he gets home at night and wants his dinner. You don't love him—it would be a miracle if a woman with any spirit did. He hasn't any more of an idea of what he possesses by legal right than the man I discovered driving in a cart one of the best hunters I ever had in my stables. To say that he doesn't appreciate you is a ludicrous understatement. Any woman would have done for him.

"Please don't!" she implored him. "Please don't!"

But for the moment she knew that she was powerless, carried along like a chip on the crest of his passion.



BERTHA REPULSES ANTONY'S WOOING.

*From Georg Schock's "Hearts Contending,"
(Harper & Brothers.)*

THEY halted, glaring at each other. She wanted to strike him, but she foresaw how he would enjoy the blow, and what would follow it.

"Listen," he said. "I must have begun wrong; it seemed to me best to say plainly what I mean. I desire to do the right thing, however, and I ask you earnestly to listen. My father has strange ways with his children. He makes plans for them, and if they follow, good; if not, he starves them out. I have followed; and in spite of that I starve; and no one knows. Here in the Thal is not room for me; here in the country is no place for me. I need—"

He paused, with a horrible gesture, as if he would pluck something wasted from himself

and show it to her, and his speech was dammed up. She knew that she was hearing what no human being had yet heard.

"And now you come, and I can no longer bear myself. After dark I walk around your house, and ride up and down your road. There I passed Saul and Esther on the night when they got away, and I did not stop them because I knew how he felt. I could even sympathize with that disgusting business. I am another man, and I get no rest. Night and day, in the fields, in the twilight, in my bed, I see you just beyond my finger-tips. It is enough to drive a man out of himself; and in this weather! To stay here I have endured, but this and that I will not endure. You are for me, Bertha Lieb."

He stammered in his effort to describe his obsession. Appalled by the contrast between his tortured looks and the majestic suavity of his movements by her side, she said, with commiseration: "Stay no longer. Why should you stay?"

There was something Psalm-like in his self-revelation and frank appeal. "The Thal is far too easy for me; until now I have stayed for my father's sake. His life is all here, and he is getting on in years, and needs a head man. Still, I must have a life for myself, one way or another, here or elsewhere; though were I elsewhere, I should, no doubt, be laughed at, because I have not the education of Jonathan, Saul, and Jesse. I have been brought up for the Thal, not for the world outside."

Ardor did not appeal to ardor quite in vain, and she was glad for this diversion. Although she could not withhold all admiration from him, and although his insistence, like Jonathan's deference, placed her in the ruling class, yet she occupied the interval with the calm thought that she must leave the Thal. She did not know where to go, but she accepted Antony's temperament as an obstacle like any other conformation of nature.

The interval was brief, and ended with a shock—only a look, but so steady, fierce, and longing. Though he saw nothing but her, the environment affected him without his knowing: it was like accompanying her through her proper world, to walk beside her thus in the dusk, with the stars hanging low. Late as it was, a cat-bird snarled in an elderberry bush, and as they passed over the roadside turf, they trod upon small, unimportant flowers.

"Now I have explained it to you," said he. "I await your yes."

"No."

"Yes."

She had a pang of pity for him. Truly piteous was this waste of creative passion—as the sinking of gold in deep water or the spilling of wine upon sand is piteous. Also, she respected the energy which so desired and demanded. She felt very humble before him in her refusal; but he only saw that she gazed at him with an enraging aloofness—as if she deigned to wrestle with him, like the angel with Jacob, and might at any moment spread her wings and soar.



From "Camp and Camino in Lower California."

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UPPER ENTRANCE OF ARROYO GRANDE.

"You shall not shut me out with those white eyelids!" he exclaimed.

Enraged by his lack of discipline, she retreated as far as the locked hands would let her. "*Sei ruhig, freundlich Element,*" she would have said, but it was now too late: the situation was too elemental. Night was so near that she saw him all black; and simultaneously there came upon her a breeze that

had passed over a honeysuckle, and the unmerciful pressure of his arms. It was as though something sprang upon her—something duplex, formidable both to body and to will. She tried to wrench herself away; there was a wild moment between the two powerful creatures; and she heard his breathing, and felt his hard lips upon her wrist, upon her palm, as if he drank.

THE NEGRO FINDS A CHAMPION.

From Octave Thanet's "By Inheritance." (Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

"I'll tell you why we take it out on the whole race, if you want to know so terrible bad," it was Bellingham now, who had listened with a scowl, his hands rammed into his pockets, "I'll give the truth cold. The white folks, when there is a dastardly crime, turn out and hunt down the criminal, just as you folks in Montaigne helped the Galen folks to catch the man who killed his wife, last year; and the law hanged that man dead and served him right; but ever' las' nigger in the county will help a nigger criminal to escape, no matter *what* he's done! *You* take the responsibility!"

A loud murmur of approval followed; half submerging Danton's reply: "We recognize there is some justice in your reproach; but don't you see, you yourself foster the conditions which are so hateful and for which you reproach us? Every persecuted race clings together; treat us fairly and we will clear our skirts of such awful crimes."

His earnestness, the beauty of his voice, even through its unfamiliar intonations, affected his hearers. The man of pails nodded his head, some of the others looked thoughtful; Bellingham opened his mouth to interrupt with a gibe, but he had no need, for the boy, awaiting his favorable occasion, at the turning of Danton's head squirted a mouthful of tobacco fairly on his cheek, squealing, "Oh, rats! You put on too much dog!"

The blood flamed up in Danton's dark face; one step he took, his hands clenching; but he stood still, for Giles Danforth bounded past him to seize the lad in a grip of iron, remarking: "Young man, you need a cuffing to teach you manners—and you'll get it!"

He was giving it liberally between words, soundly boxing the boy's ears. "Manners, young ruffian," continued Giles in a very pleasant, gentle tone, "are invaluable. Also

good habits. You're too young to use tobacco in any form! Are you sorry or shall I give you a nice, salutary spanking to make you so? Ah—*bite* will you? Now, you *will* get a thrashing!"

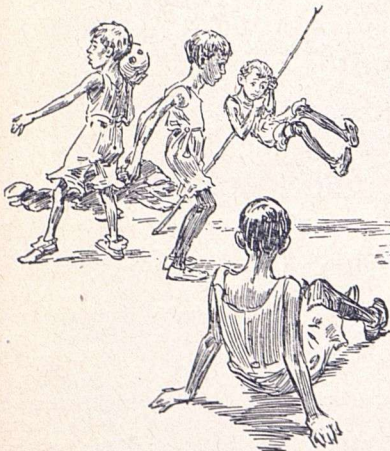
"Aw, take one of your size," sneered Bellingham, "let the boy go. Shame!"

"The boy," said Giles, "needs a lesson in manners; don't you interfere with the work of grace! I'll attend to *you* later."

Bellingham would have attacked Giles without more ado, had not three stalwart men stepped in between. Giles, meanwhile, having his hunting-crop in hand, was laying it on the ordained seat of discipline with such good will that the boy was squirming, wailing and protesting at the top of his voice, that he hadn't done a thing. "If you haven't, then don't you do it again!" commanded Giles, "get out, now, you filthy little mucker!"

As the boy fled, weeping with rage and fright, he could hear Giles calling for a basin of water and soap to wash his hands. Bellingham had thrown aside the three big men who would have withheld him from his quarry as easily as if they had been children; but when he would have rushed at Giles a mild voice spoke, even as a long, thin, aged hand was laid on his shoulder: "Pray, let us have no scuffling, sir—until after the meeting."

Bellingham was sufficiently careless of public opinion; but he could not fell General Montgomery to the floor; neither could he get to Giles unless he did this. Moreover, the *casus belli* had vanished from the scene. He swallowed his anger; and even assumed an air of humor.



From "Little Aliens"



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"I NEVER IN MY WORLD SEEN HOW THEY ALL MAKES."

THE 18TH CENTURY LIVES AGAIN AT SHIRLEY'S.

From Hutchins' "Houseboating on a Colonial Waterway." (L. C. Page.)

THERE were no signs of that long by-gone life upon Shirley's stairway, save for a dimming of the old rail where countless hands—strong, feeble, fair—had lightly rested or, more helpless, clung; and save for that worn trail of the generations that followed up the dull, dark treads. But even these had much to tell of the passings for nearly two centuries and a half up and down this household highway: of the masterful tread of spur-shod boots, the dancing of the belle's slim-slipped feet, the pompous double steps of bumpy baby shoes, the gouty stump of old grandsire, and the faithful shamble of the black boy at his heels.

That day (regretfully our last in this colonial home) not only the stairway but all of the old house seemed inclined to become reminiscent. Nautica noticed this in the quiet drawing-room that would keep bringing up by-gone times, and, she insisted, by-gone people too. In the great hall, even the Commodore felt the mood of old Shirley and the presence of a life that all seemed natural enough, but that must have come a good ways out of the past.

On the staircase, despite the dim light over there (or because of it), one could even catch sight of a shadowy old-time company.

There were stately figures passing up and down; the old lords of the wilderness in velvet coats and huge wigs, and ladies of the wilderness too in rich brocades and laced stomachers. There were many slender and youthful figures. Charming odd and quaint were the merry groups of girls, catching and swaying upon the shadowy stair; dainty ruffles peeping through the balusters; laughing faces bending above the dark, old rail. And fine indeed were the gallants that did them homage; those young colonials of bright velvets and flowered waistcoats and lace ruffles and powdered periwigs.

It was the old-time Shirley, the strange, incongruous Shirley that was a bright bit of English manor life within; and, without, wilderness and savages and tobacco-fields and Africans. In from the life of the old mesuage, came a touch of the barbaric; weird minor songs that belonged with the hot throb of the African tom-tom floated in through the deep windows, and strangely mingled with the thin tinkle of the harpsichord and the tender strains of an old English ballad.

The green bayberry candles grew dim, and in their fragrant smoke the old colonials faded away. Our visit at Shirley was over.



From "Houseboating on a Colonial Waterway."
L. C. Page & Co.

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ONE OF THE WATERWAYS.

RESTING PLANTS IN WINTER.

From Rexford's "Indoor Gardening." (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

SUMMER-BLOOMING plants can be allowed to take their rest in winter, generally in the cellar. They can be stored away in November, and left there until the following March with entire safety, if kept quite dry, and frost is not allowed to get at them. As a general thing it will not be necessary to water them more than once or twice during the season, unless the cellar happens to be a very dry one. Then give only enough to moisten the soil. Do not be frightened if some of them lose their foliage. All deciduous plants, out of doors, do that during their resting-spell, and are not harmed by it. Water, in liberal quantities, combined with warmth, will excite growth during the winter, and this is precisely what ought to be avoided. Therefore aim to keep the temperature about your plants in cold storage as low as can be done without incurring any danger from frost, and use but very little water.

FRICION DEVELOPS BETWEEN DELAINE AND ANDERSON.

From Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Lady Merton, Colonist." (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

LADY MERTON and Anderson began to ascend a long flight of steps leading from the garden path below to the balcony where Delaine stood.



From "Lady Merton, Colonist" Copyright, 1910, by Doubleday, Page & Co.

LADY ELIZABETH MERTON.

Elizabeth waved to him with smiles, and he must perforce watch her as she mounted side by side with the fair-haired Canadian.

"Oh! such delightful plans!" she said, as she sank out of breath into a seat. "We have ordered the engine for two o'clock. Please observe, Mr. Arthur. Never again in this mortal life shall I be able to 'order' an engine for two o'clock!—and one of these C. P. R. engines, too, great splendid fellows! We go down the pass, and take tea at Field; and come up the pass again this evening, to dine and sleep at Laggan. As we descend, the engine goes in front to hold us back; and when we ascend, it goes behind to push us up; and I understand that the hill is even steeper"—she bent forward, laughing, to Delaine, appealing to their common North Country recollections—"than the Shap incline!"

"Too steep, I gather," said Delaine, "to be altogether safe." His tone was sharp. He stood with his back to the view, looking from Elizabeth to her companion.

Anderson turned.

"As we manage it, it is perfectly safe! But it costs us too much to make it safe. That's the reason for the new bit of line."

Elizabeth turned away uncomfortably, con-

scious again, as she had often been before, of the jarring between the two men.

At two o'clock the car and the engine were ready, and Yerkes received them at the station beaming with smiles. According to him, the privilege allowed them was all his doing, and he was exceedingly jealous of any claim of Anderson's in the matter.

"You come to me, my lady, if you want anything. Last year I ran a Russian princess through—official. 'You take care of the Grand Duchess, Yerkes,' they says to me at Montreal; for they know there isn't anybody on the line they can trust with a lady as they can me. Of course, I couldn't help her faintin' at the high bridges, going up Rogers Pass; that wasn't none of my fault!"

"Faint—at bridges!" said Elizabeth with scorn. "I never heard of anybody doing such a thing, Yerkes."

"Ah! you wait till you see 'em, my lady," said Yerkes, grinning.



A DALY "FIRST NIGHT."

From the "Diary of a Daly Debutante." (Duffield & Co.)

ON Wednesday there was no regular rehearsal; only the chess children were put through their drill. Every one was resting for the evening, and we were all at the theatre as early as half-past six. I am glad to say that all of the new girls are in a room by themselves.

Such confusion as there was for an hour and a half! Nothing that has gone before has equalled it; and it became bedlam-like when those thirty-two chess children arrived in the midst of it, to get dressed in time for the end of the second act. They were bundled into a room to get them out of the way, and while the first act was on Mrs. Nagle and the man that looks after them dressed them.

The house was crowded to its utmost capacity. The first act went smoothly, but rather too quietly, and we were beginning to fear the play wouldn't "take," until the mid-dies went on at the end of the act. That woke everyone up; the applause was loud at our entrance, and for the next fifteen minutes we got all the attention, laughter, and applause that heart could wish. The curtain went down on great enthusiasm, and we had to answer five encores.

Then Mr. Daly came on the stage, smiling his sweetest, shook hands with us, said we had done splendidly, and that he was proud of us. Never have I seen a more fascinating man when he chooses to be. His eyes have a wonderful, compelling power—they influence men and women alike. When he smiles in that way one feels ready to do anything to please him. But his smile of sarcasm is another thing.

The second act went quicker, and its finale, with the brilliant game of chess, assured the success of the piece. It was truly a gorgeous scene, and the children did nobly.

The story of the play grows quite involved and interesting in the last act, and all ends

happily, with a splendid song in honor of the young Queen's marriage; and she and her bridegroom go away in a ship, which was well managed and very effective.

Hart Conway and his attendant Mungo made a great hit. Mungo raised a laugh every time he moved. No one would recognize the quiet, elegant, and well-dressed Bennett in that creature. His arms and legs are covered with dark brown fleshings—I believe that's the right name for them—his face and neck are made up the same color, and all he wears is a sort of short bathing-suit and a woolly wig. He is a sight.



THE RISE OF A WARD POLITICIAN.

From Hapgood's "Types from City Streets."
(Funk & Wagnalls Co.)

MONEY and power, however, is not all that Peter Casey desires. He desires social position. He wants to better the condition of his children. He has been a prize-fighter, a thug, and saloon-keeper, and in spite of his rise in the world, he imagines better things for his children. He wants to see them refined and educated. His wife is a daughter of the slums, and she is therefore even more ambitious than he from a social point of view. She was indeed lucky to marry the Honorable Peter, but she wants something even better for her children. Bridget, her daughter, wants to go up-town and marry a "gentleman" with a college education, and her mother finds the desire quite reasonable.

A famous boss of Tammany Hall had one

great quality which was largely responsible for his success. He kept his word. When, at the beginning of his career, he was hoping for the nomination as alderman he knew that upon his success depended his future rise to greater power. At that time Peter Casey's bartender was Patsy Haley, who was a bright fellow and so popular that a social club was named after him. There were about fifty members in the club, mainly young fellows whom Haley controlled politically. Now, the politician who afterward became a great boss, knew that it was up to him to work hard at this time. He had many enemies in the district and he tried hard for Haley's support. He entered Peter's saloon one night when Haley was behind the bar, called the boys up for a drink, reached his hand to Patsy and said: "Patsy, if you are with me, and if it ever comes my way, rest assured that I will never forget the kindness." Patsy worked like a beaver when election day came around and the politician was elected.

Four years later Patsy had some trouble with a well-known man in the ward and shot him. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to the penitentiary. When he had been in prison for about two months his friends started in to try to secure a pardon. Patsy needed some big politician to intercede for him. He remembered the promise of the man who in the mean time had become the leader of Tammany Hall. Patsy's wife, thereupon, was sent to see the great man at his private residence, and succeeded in getting an interview. After she had asked him to save her husband, the boss said: "My good



From "Types from City Streets."

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woman, if I were to intercede for every one whose friends and relatives came to me, my time would not be my own." "But," she replied, "you promised my husband, when you wanted to be an alderman, that if he ever came to you for assistance, you would help him." "What is your husband's name?" asked the great man quickly, and when he was told, he remembered and said: "Mrs. Haley, go home. I promise you that your husband will eat Christmas dinner with you." And he did.



THE KNIGHT'S PLACE IS QUESTIONED.

From Maule's "Little Knight of the X Bar B."
(Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.)

MRS. BILL was greatly excited. Her breath came in short, hard gasps, her cheeks flushed and paled, and as she leaned toward him she

pressed her hand hard against her breast, and her voice was shrill and tremulous.

"He told me all about his ranch before we was married," she went on, "an' about his stock, an' his house, an' his friends what lived here, but he never told me nothing about no little boy. And when he brought me home, a bride, why, the first thing I see here—is you. An' you're the idol of the hull ranch, an' the boss of the place. Even Bill gives in to ye. You act like you'd be'n a prince or somethin' all your life, and everybody fair bows down to ye. An' yet I can't find out nothin' about ye. Now *who are ye?* And what are ye doin' here in my home? What mystery is there about ye that keeps comin' in between Bill an' me an' makin' me miserable. Why does he always dodge the question when I ask about you? What makes him look s' miserable when I talk about you?

What makes him run away when I want to know more about you? He's my man, Bill is, an' I love him, an' I want to know who *you* are that you are to come between us an' spoil our happiness. You can't keep nothin' from me, kid, I'll tell ye that! I *will* know—I must know—Bill is my husband—"

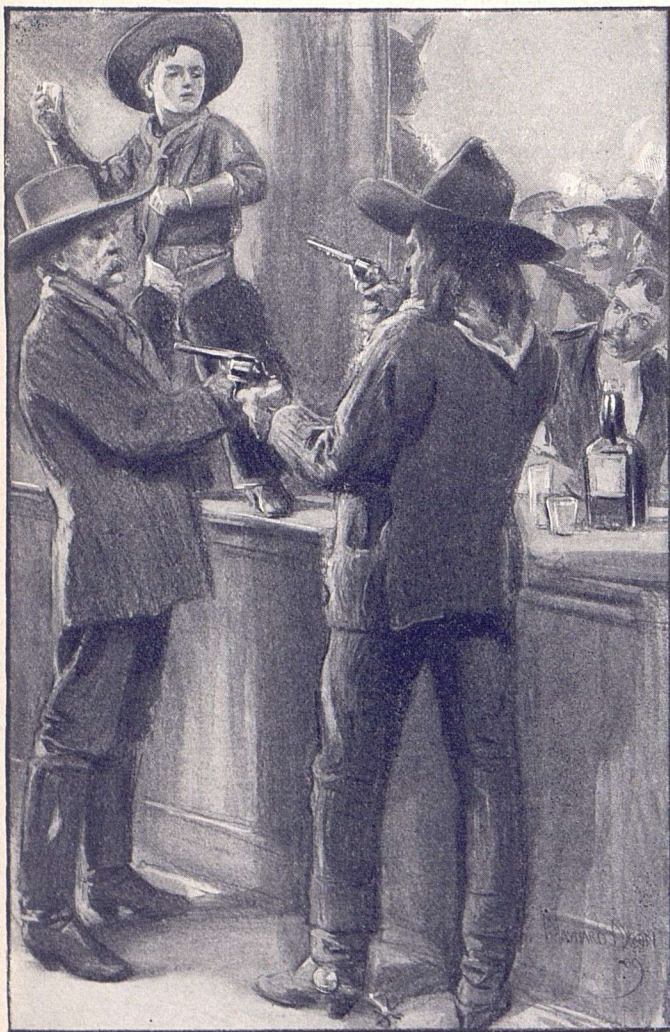
She stopped, panting, with her breath catching and rattling in her throat.

With his eyes fastened upon her face, and his lips blanched, the boy sat erect and rigid beneath the tirade.

At first sheer terror of her loud voice and undisciplined emotions kept him silent. Then, as the vehement torrent of her words poured on, a sudden desperate resolution took hold upon him.

He would tell her. Tell her the whole story—or as much of it as he knew, or could guess, himself. She was a woman, she would understand, she was Bill's wife, it was right that she should know. Perhaps she would help him! Perhaps—who could tell—deliverance might come to him through her hands!

"I—promised—I promised that I would never tell. But I don't care—I—I don't care—I *will* tell you and maybe you can help me. I will tell you all the truth—"



From "The Little Knight of the X Bar B."

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"I'LL COUNT SIX."



From "The Wild Olive."

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"WHO IS MIRIAM?" WAS ON HIS LIPS.

EVIE HAS TO DEFEND HERSELF.

From "The Wild Olive." (Harper & Brothers.)

"I've broken my engagement to Billy."

"Broken your engagement! Why, I saw Billy myself this morning. I met him as I was coming over. He said he was here last night, and seemed particularly cheerful."

"He doesn't know it yet. I'm doing it—by degrees."

"You're doing it by—what?" Miriam rose and came toward her, stopping midway to lean on the foot-rail of the bed. "Evie darling, what do you mean?"

Evie's eyes brimmed suddenly, and her lip trembled.

"If you're going to be cross about it—"

"I'm not going to be cross about it, but I want you to tell me exactly what you're doing."

"Well, I'm telling you. I've broken my engagement, and I want to let Billy know it in the kindest way. I don't want to hurt his feelings. You wouldn't like me to do that yourself. I'm trying to bring him where he'll see things just as I do."

"And may I ask if you're—getting him there?"

"I shall get him there in time. I'm doing lots of things to show him."

"Such as what?"

"Such as not asking him to the dinner, for one thing. He'll know from that there's something wrong. He'll make a fuss, and I shall be disagreeable. Little by little he'll get to dislike me—and then—"

"And how long do you think it will take for that good work to be accomplished?"

"I don't see that that matters. I suppose I may take all the time I need. We're both young—"

"And have all your lives to give to it. Is that what you mean?"

"I don't want to give all my life to it, because—I may as well tell you that, too, while I'm about it—because I'm engaged to some one else."

"Oh, Evie!"

Miriam went back, like a person defeated, to the chair from which she had just risen, while Evie buried herself in the depths of a closet, where she remained long enough, as she hoped, to let Miriam's first astonishment subside. On coming out she assumed a virtuous tone.

"You see now why I simply *had* to break with Billy. I couldn't possibly keep the two things going together—as some girls would. I'm one of those who do right, whatever happens. It's very hard for me—but if people would only be a little more sympathetic—"

It was some minutes before Miriam knew just what to say. Even when she began to speak she doubted her capacity for making herself understood.

"Evie darling," she said, trying to speak as for a child's comprehension, "this is a very serious matter. I don't think you realize how serious it is. If you find you don't love Billy well enough, of course you must ask him to release you. I should be sorry for that, but I shouldn't blame you. But until

you've done it you can't give your word to any one."

"Well, I must say I never heard anything like that," Evie declared, indignantly. "You do have the strangest ideas, Miriam. Dear mamma used to say so, too. I try to defend you, but you make it difficult for me, I must say. I never knew any one like you for making things more complicated than they

engagement, and as the one to Billy will never be announced at all there's no use in saying anything about it."

"But suppose Billy himself finds out?"

"Billy won't find out anything whatever until I get ready to let him."

The finality of this retort reduced Miriam to silence. She allowed some minutes to pass before saying, with some hesitation:



From "Beyond the Mexican Sierras."

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A VIEW OF TEPEHUANES.

need be. You talk of my asking Billy to release me when I released myself long ago—in my own mind. That's where I have to look. I must do things according to my conscience—and when that's clear—"

"It isn't only a case of conscience, dear; it's one of common sense. Conscience has a way of sometimes mistaking the issue, whereas common sense can generally be trusted to be right."

"Of course, if you're going to talk that way, Miriam, I don't see what's left for me to answer; but it doesn't sound very reverent, I must say. I'm trying to look at things in the highest light, and it doesn't strike me as the highest light to be unkind to Billy when I needn't be. If you think I ought to treat him cruelly you must keep your opinion, but I know you'll excuse me if I keep mine."

She carried her head loftily as she bore another gown into the adjoining darkness, and Miriam waited patiently till she emerged again.

"Does your other—I hardly know what to call him—does your other fiancé know about Billy?"

"Why on earth should he? What good would that do? It will be all over—I mean about Billy—before I announce my second

"I suppose you don't mind my knowing—who it is?"

Evie was prepared for this question and answered it promptly.

"I sha'n't mind your knowing—by-and-by. I want you to meet him first. When you've once seen him, I know you'll be more just to me. Till then I'm willing to go on being—misunderstood."



WHERE BATHING IS AN UNKNOWN ART.

From Wallace's "Beyond the Mexican Sierras."
(McClurg.)

I BELIEVE these Indians never bathe at all. In fact there is a belief amongst them that to bathe is to court sickness and death, and their skin never knows the cleansing influence of water from birth until death claims their clod-laden bodies to join the clods of Mother Earth from which they sprang. There was a sick boy in a hut where a friend of mine stopped one day, and my friend suggested to the father that a bath might cure him. The father held up his hands in horror. "A bath! That would kill him!" he exclaimed. "I never bathed in my life, and my children never bathed, and never will."

Down in the low countries they do bathe—once a year. At midnight, on the twenty-ninth of June—St. Peter's and St. Paul's Day. The two good saints calm the ocean, and make the water harmless; and those within reach of the sea, who have sufficient faith in the protecting powers of the saints, gather there on that day and recklessly wash their bodies. At points removed from the coast, the twenty-fourth of June is the annual bathing day. This is St. John's Day, and that good saint has a concession to mollify the rigors of the rivers, for the benefit of the would-be clean ones. So down in the lower country people are clean. But here in the mountains no saint ever moves the Indians to such a desperate deed as bathing.



THE PRINCE SHOWS HIS POWER.

From Oppenheim's "The Illustrious Prince." (Little, Brown & Co.)

THE doctor moved to the window and back again.

"Supposing," he said, "I decline to remain here? Supposing I say that, believing you now to have a guilty knowledge of this murder, I repudiate our bargain? Supposing I say that I will have nothing more to do with your thousand guineas,—that I will leave this house?"

"Then we come to close quarters," the Prince answered, "and you force me to tell you in plain words that, until I am ready for you to leave it, you are as much a prisoner in this room as though the keys of the strongest fortress in Europe were turned upon you. I have told you this before. I thought that we perfectly understood one another."

"I did not understand," the doctor protested. "I knew that there was trouble, but I did not know that it was this!"

"The fact of your knowing or not knowing makes no difference," the Prince answered. "You are no longer a free agent. The only question for you to decide is whether you will force me to remind you of our bargain."

The doctor was sitting down again now. All the time he watched the Prince with a gleam in his eyes, partly of horror, partly of fear. He no longer doubted but that he was in the presence of a criminal.

"I am sorry," the Prince continued, "that you have allowed this little matter to disturb you. I thought that we had arranged it all at our last interview. If you did not surmise my reasons for keeping you here, then I am afraid I gave you credit for more intelligence than you possess. You will excuse me now, I am sure," he added, rising. "I have some letters to send off before I change. By the bye, do you care to give me your parole? It might, perhaps, lessen the inconvenience to which you are unfortunately subject."



From "The Illustrious Prince."

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"SHOW ME THE MYSTERY OF THIS LOCK," SHE BEGGED.



From "A Vagabond Journey Around the World."

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MYSELF, AFTER FOUR DAYS IN THE JUNGLE, AND THE SIAMESE SOLDIERS WITH WHOM I FELL IN BETWEEN MYÁWADI AND REHANG.

Gezireh Hotel. For once I was not even challenged by the army of servants; the very audacity of my entrance into those Elysian Fields left the astonished domestics standing in petrified rows behind me. The superintendent was most kind. He gave me, even without the asking, a letter of introduction! The curse of Cain on him who invented the written character! My entire Cairene experience had been bounded by this endless chain of notes through all the cycle of

The doctor shook his head.

"No," he said, "I will not give my parole!"

Late that night, he tried the handle of his door and found it open. The corridor outside was in thick darkness. He felt his way along by the wall. Suddenly, from behind, a pair of large soft hands gripped him by the throat. Slowly he was drawn back—almost strangled.

"Let me go!" he called out, struggling in vain to find a body upon which he could gain a grip.



GETTING A JOB IN CAIRO.

From Franck's "Vagabond Journey Around the World." (Century Co.)

THE endless stream of notes, having its source at the office of Cook and Son, flowed on unchecked. If my object had been merely to gain intimate acquaintance with the Cairenes of all classes, I could not have chosen a better method. No tourist, with his howling bodyguard of guides and dragomans, ever peeped into half the strange corners to which my wanderings led me. My command of Arabic, too, increased by leaps and bounds; for the necessity of giving expression of my innermost thoughts to the servant body of Cairo required an ever-increasing vocabulary.

The two-hundredth letter of introduction—if my count be not at fault—took me to that ultra-fashionable world across the Nile. The director of the Jockey Club read the latest epistle carefully, and, with sportsman-like fairness, gave me another. The delivery thereof required my presence in the great

her cosmopolitan inhabitants.

The new missive carried me back to Shepherd's Hotel, and for once I escaped employment by a hair's breadth. The portly Swiss manager was inclined to overlook the shortcomings in my attire. He needed a cellar boy, could use another porter, or "you may do as a bell-boy," he mused, with half-closed eyes, "if—"

What vision was this? Might I aspire even to displace mine ancient enemy, in all the splendor of two close rows of bright, brass buttons, and pace majestically back and forth with the sang-froid of a lion tamer, above the common horde I had so lately quitted? What folly to keep silent concerning those acquirements that especially fitted me to serve a cosmopolitan clientèle, while fickle fortune was holding forth this golden prize! I broke in upon the manager's brown study with a deluge of German. He opened wide his eyes. I addressed him in French. He sputtered with astonishment. I continued in Italian. He waved his hands above his head like a swimmer about to go down for the third time. I added a savoring of Spanish and Arabic for good measure, and he clutched weakly at a hotel pillar.

Gradually, strength returned to his trembling limbs. He rubbed his astonished gorge with a ham-like hand and dislodged an imprisoned shriek:—"Aber, mein lieber Kerl! Speaking all those languages and out of a job—and in rhags! Why—you—you—you must haf been up to some crhooked business, yes?" He glanced fearfully about him at the silver ornaments of the office. "I—I—I am very sorry, we haf not now a single vacancy. But—but you vill not haf the least trouble—

mit so viel' Sprachen—in getting a position, not the slightest! I gif you a note—to Cook and Son."



THE "FALCON" FIRST FLIES.

From Palmer's "Danbury Rodd, Aviator." (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

OH, but Danbury Rodd was happy! Denman could see that in his eyes as he fell back; but Alice coming up at that moment did not see the eyes, only the face set for battle, as it was when he stood amid the wreck of his first machine, defying the ridicule of Thomsonville! Clearly he was putting his fortunes on a turn of chance with a grand recklessness; but she little guessed that he was saying unconsciously under his breath, "Four or five big jumps!" She felt the breeze of the whirling propeller on her cheek—and he was gone.

Except to dip under the cavorting Frenchman, the *Falcon* never varied from an arrow course. She might have been gliding on a string stretched from the hill-tops to the starting area, and something in the firmness of her lines, her stability, and the flash-light quickness of view of the set profile of her driver had already awakened the crowd's sense of the unusual. When they saw her pass out of the range of the course, like some messenger called from afar, they forgot the Frenchman. Each measuring eye gradually realized the objective as the planes became two glistening lines, with the propeller's sheen a ball of light.

"The lunatic! He'll get it, fast enough!" Alice heard an aviator say.

She shut her eyes at sight of the bending tree-tops on the horizon line, and yet opened them again in the very fascination of suspense as the *Falcon*, striking that torrent of wind, rocked and righted herself like some bird caught in a gust, then dipped to an angle of thirty degrees and disappeared. With a sickness of heart and yet a strange elation, as if of a prophecy fulfilled, Alice asked her father:

"Is there no way of getting news?"

"We'll have the newspaper men wire to the next town," answered Mr. Landon, convinced, however, that the wreck lay nearer than that.



THE HAPPY LIFE OF THE WINE COUNTRY.

From Holder's "Recreations of a Sportsman on the Pacific Coast." (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

SEÑOR GONZALES takes his wine in several places; now beneath the big vine, now in the plastered saloon, or in a long adobe; and as they ride back to the tent in the vineyard at Tierra Alta no man is happier than he. He has no rubies, true, but what ruby is richer than the Zinfandel, and did he not pick the grape of that vintage, and a good many before it? The guitar notes rise on the air,



From "Danbury Rodd, Aviator."

Copyright, 1910, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

HE GLANCED TOWARD THAT DARK OBJECT FALLING THROUGH SPACE.

shrill voices sing "La Paloma." There is an odor of grape of Tokay, of tobacco from Juarez, of crushed pepper and eucalyptus leaves and of dust in yellow clouds; the stars shine dazzlingly bright, and the moon comes up behind San Antonio,—and so the pickers return home by moonlight.

October finds them at work. It is cooler; an early rain has come, the dust is laid, and the vast vineyard reaches away, a green

winter, and the pickers redoubt their energies.

A picturesque sight it is as they file out into the vineyard, each with his knife; men, women, and children carrying the sixty-pound capacity boxes that are filled many times to make the ton that may be the day's work of even a girl. The splendid vineyard extends in every direction. To the north are the Sierra Madre; to the west the lower hills of Santiago and Puente, and to the east the valley of San Gabriel, Pomona, Chino, and beyond, the peaks of San Antonio, San Jacinto, and San Geronio, ten or eleven thousand feet in air, sentinels of this garden of Hesperides, from which one may look upon the greatest desert of the world, and upon a terrestrial paradise of orange, olive, and grape.

GRANGER MARRIES—AND WONDERS THEREAT.

From Dawson's "Murder Point, a tale of the Keewatin." (Doran.)

NEXT day Père Antoine had married them, after which he had departed, promising, however, to return before the summer was out. Granger had said nothing more to him either concerning Spurling or the death of Strangeways, except to insist that the warrant for the arrest, together with the letters and locket which had been found, should be left with himself; nevertheless, he had been well aware that these things were largely responsible for the hurry of the priest's departure. At first he had not been surprised at the silence of Peggy, for he had grown accustomed to the shy modesty of women who are Indian-bred. The women of Keewatin accept it as their fate that they are born to be subservient to men—to be their burden-bearers. But at the end of a few days, when her demeanour had shown no sign of change,

he had become a little curious. In the early part of the year the white blood that was in her had been more manifest, and because of it she had been proud. When she had insisted that he should marry her, if he would live with her, the reason she had given him for her demand had been *because her blood was white*. Since then she had journeyed into the winter-wilderness with the menfolk of her family, like any other Indian or half-breed girl, and in the primeval solitariness of the land the red blood of her mother had asserted itself; the hand of her native deity had been laid upon her mouth, staying her flow of words, the shyness of the forest-gods had entered into her eyes, and the Lord God of Women had stooped her shoulders.



From "Recreations of a Sportsman on the Pacific Coast." Copyright, 1910 by Charles Frederick Holder (G. P. Putnam's Sons).

GIFFORD PINCHOT AND STEWART EDWARD WHITE TROLLING FOR
SWORDFISH.

blanket, to the mountains as far as the eye can see. The mustard has faded and died, and along each road delicate lines of green are creeping. It has come like magic. Alfalfa, wild oat, clover, and a host of others are rising upward, and in a short time carpet the earth, and that miracle of miracles happens. A single heavy rain has, with a few warm days, converted the grays of a long summer into the green of a California winter. It has come early, and is by no means desired, and Señor Gonzales and his friends are quietly murmuring among themselves,—not that they lose, as they are only pickers, but rain-washed grapes somehow do not make quite as good wine, they think, as those unwashed. By all the signs it is to be a wet

causing her to carry her head less bravely, binding the hereditary burden of the red woman upon her back. She had unlearned in those few months all the conceits of self-respect which she had been taught in the school at Winnipeg, and had reverted to the ancient type from which she was sprung,—the river Indian. Granger, as he watched her, guessed all this, for had not he himself been parted from his old traditions?—and he had not known Keewatin till he was a grown man. Well, these people had lived there longer than he had! They should know what was best suited to their circumstance, he told himself; and so, without questioning or combatting their social methods, he resigned himself to accept their modes of life.

It was a strange wedding that he had had—very different from the kind he had planned for himself in the heat of his passion, when he was a younger man. And this was a strange woman whom he must call his wife

to be the most that he might expect. Yet, because of her meekness and faithfulness, and her ready willingness to serve, he was conscious of a growing protective quality of love for her. If he could prevent himself from adopting her reticence, he promised that he would gather her whole heart into his own by and by.



CAUGHT IN A SIBERIAN BLIZZARD.

From Kennan's "Tent Life in Siberia." (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

We rose as usual at daylight and made an attempt to travel; but no sooner did we leave the cover of the trees than our dogs became almost unmanageable, and, blinded and half suffocated with flying snow, we were driven back again into the timber. It was impossible to see thirty feet, and the wind blew with such fury that our dogs would not



From "Tent Life in Siberia."

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CHUKCHIS ASSEMBLING AT ANADYRSK FOR THE WINTER FAIR.

—one who worked for him tirelessly with her head and hands, but who appeared to crave for none of his affection, and with whom he could have not a moment's conversation; the exchange of a few monosyllables and signs in the course of a day seemed

face it. We massed our sledges together as a sort of breastwork against the drifting snow, spread our fur bags down behind them, crawled in, covered up our heads with deer-skins and blankets, and prepared for a long dismal siege. There is nothing so thorough-



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

From 'The Right Stuff.'

Copyright, 1910, by Houghton Mifflin Co.

ROBIN PROPOSES.

ly, hopelessly dreary and uncomfortable, as camping out upon a Siberian steppe in a storm. The wind blows with such violence that a tent cannot possibly be made to stand; the fire is half extinguished by drifting snow, and fills the eyes with smoke and cinders when it burns at all; conversation is impossible on account of the roaring of the wind and the beating of the snow in one's face; bearskins, pillows, and furs become stiff and icy with half-melted sleet, sledges are buried up, and there remains nothing for the unhappy traveller to do but crawl into his sleeping-bag, cover up his head, and shiver away the long, dismal hours.

We lay out on the snow in this storm for two days, spending nearly all the time in our fur bags and suffering severely from the cold during the long, dark nights. On the 28th, about four o'clock in the morning, the

storm began to abate, and by six we had dug out our sledges and were under way. There was a low spur of the Stanavoi Mountains about ten versts north of our camp, and our men said that if we could get across that before daylight we should probably have no more bad weather until we reached Penzhina. Our dog-food was entirely exhausted, and we must make the settlement within the next twenty-four hours if possible.



ERNEST IS INTENDED FOR THE MINISTRY.

From Butler's "Way of All Flesh," (E. P. Dutton.)

ONCE, recently, when he was down at home after taking his degree, his mother had had a short conversation with him about his becoming a clergyman, set on thereto by Theobald, who shrank from the subject himself. This time it was during a turn taken in the garden, and not on the sofa—which was reserved for supreme occasions.

"You know, my dearest boy," she said to him, "that papa" (she always called Theobald "papa" when talking to Ernest) "is so anxious you should not go into the Church blindly, and without fully realizing the difficulties of a clergyman's position. He has considered all of them himself, and has been shown how small they are, when they are

faced boldly, but he wishes you, too, to feel them as strongly and completely as possible before committing yourself to irrevocable vows, so that you may never, never have to regret the step you will have taken."

This was the first time Ernest had heard that there were any difficulties, and he not unnaturally enquired in a vague way after their nature.

"That, my dear boy," rejoined Christina, "is a question which I am not fitted to enter upon either by nature or education. I might easily unsettle your mind without being able to settle it again. Oh, no! Such questions are far better avoided by women, and, I should have thought, by men, but papa wished me to speak to you upon the subject, so that there might be no mistake hereafter, and I have done so. Now, therefore, you know all."

The conversation ended here, so far as this subject was concerned, and Ernest thought he did know all. His mother would not have told him he knew all—not about a matter of that sort—unless he actually did know it; well, it did not come to very much; he supposed there *were* some difficulties, but his father, who at any rate was an excellent scholar and a learned man, was probably quite right here, and he need not trouble himself more about them. So little impression did the conversation make on him, that it was not till long afterwards that, happening to remember it, he saw what a piece of sleight of hand had been practised upon him. Theobald and Christina, however, were satisfied that they had done their duty by opening their son's eyes to the difficulties of assenting to all a clergyman must assent to. This was enough; it was a matter for rejoicing that, though they had been put so fully and candidly before him, he did not find them serious. It was not in vain that they had prayed for so many years to be made "truly honest and conscientious."

THE ENGLISHMAN HAS STRANGE GUESTS.

From Rideout's "The Twisted Foot." (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

ANOTHER question vexed him. What could this man be, at whose table he had eaten, yet whose name—as he now recalled with a

start—was totally unknown? Some trader in coprah; the rancid smell of cocoanut oil, pervading the grove, gave the most plausible answer.

As he lay thinking, a slight noise made him sit up in bed, suddenly but warily. Underneath the floor of the stilted hut something moved with a stealthy, intermittent motion. Whether beast or man, it crawled beneath his very bed, toward the next room. David had raised his netting, and was about to slip through to the floor, when from below, somewhere near their dinner-table, sounded a faint rapping of knuckles against the floor boards.

Silence followed. After an interval, the knuckles rapped again; and this time a brushing of bare feet told David that his host was roused. Then the man's voice murmured cautiously:—

"Siapa?"

From under the floor a softer voice replied:—

"Ginawang."

The quick flare of a match, rubbed over cloth, was converted slowly into the shaking light of a candle, which passed at once behind a low screen. With a creak, a loose board or small trap-door was lifted. Through the woven wall, as through a basket, David saw the tall figure in white bend over the yawning square in the floor, from which, like a snake, a glistening brown arm rose, with



From "The Twisted Foot."

Copyright, 1910, by Henry Milner Rideout (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

"HIS COOK IS *asesino* TO MY STOM-ACHE."



From 'The Song of the Wolf.'

Copyright, 1910, by Moffat, Yard & Co.

"THEIR BEAUTY WAS OF VIVIDLY CONTRASTING TYPES."

fist clenched. White hand and dark fist met. The fist opened, the hand closed; but not before there had dropped, from one to the other, a small green pellet as of crushed leaves. Then the arm sank from sight like a cobra into a conjurer's pot. The man in white lowered the board into place, crossed to the table, and stood looking down. Furtively as he had come, the visitor scuttled away underneath.

David lay back on his pillow, somewhat ashamed of his spying. They, whoever They were, had no part in the transaction. He, therefore, had none. This secret was the Englishman's affair. But though conscience might make a guest lie down and turn his head from the lighted wall, conscience could not put him to sleep. He lay for a long time, wondering.

THE SINGING OF "THE RED FLAG."

From Upton Sinclair's "Samuel the Seeker."
(B. W. Dodge & Co.)

THESE men had seen the vision of the new time that was coming, and there burned in them a fire of conviction. Suddenly Samuel

realized the import of that word "comrade" which they gave one another; they were men bound together by the memory of persecutions, and by the presence of ruthless enemies. They knew what they were facing at this moment; not only Chief McCullagh with his policemen and their clubs; not only the subsidized *Express* with its falsehoods and ridicule; but all the political and business power of the Hickmans and Wygants. They were facing arrest and imprisonment, humiliation and disgrace—perhaps ruin and starvation. Only in this way could they reach the ears of the people.

There was a solemn hush when he finished; one by one the men and women arose and offered themselves.

"I have been out of work for four months," said one, "and I have been promised a job next week. If I am arrested, I know that I will not get it. But still I will speak."

"And I am in Wygant's cotton mill," said another. "And I'm not young, and when I'm turned out, it will not be easy for me. But I will help."

"And I, too," put in Lippmann, the cigar store keeper; "my wife can tend the shop!"

There was a general laugh at this.

And then Friedrich Bremer sprang up. "My father has been warned!" he cried. "But I will speak also!"

"And I!" exclaimed Samuel. I think I am going to be a Socialist. Will you let me help?"

"No one's help will be refused in a crisis like this," said Everley. "We must stand by our guns, for if they can crush us this time, it may be years before we can be heard."

And then, somewhere in the hall, a voice began to sing. Others took it up, until the walls of the building shook with a mighty chant. "What is it?" whispered Samuel to Friedrich.

"It is called 'The Red Flag,'" replied Friedrich.

And Samuel sat spellbound, listening while they sang:

Hark to the thunder, hark to the tramp—a myriad army comes!
An army sprung from a hundred lands, speaking a hundred tongues!
And overhead a portent new, a blood-red banner see!
The nations gather in affright to ask what the sign may be.
Banner of crimson, banner bright, banner flaunting the sky!
What is the word that ye bring to men, the hope that ye hold or high?
We come from the fields, we come from the forge, we come from the land and sea—
We come in the right of our new-born might to set the people free!
Masters, we left you a world to make, the planning was yours to do—
We were the toilers, humble and sad, we gave our faith to you.
And now with a dread in our hearts we stand and gaze at the work of the years—
We have builded a temple with pillars white, ye have stained it with blood and tears!

For our little ones with their teeming hopes ye have roofed the sweatshop den,
And our daughters fair ye have prisoned in the reeking brothel's pen!
And so for the sign of our murdered hopes our blood-red banner see—
We come in the right of our new-born might to set the people free!



SKID MEETS IN SINGLE COMBAT.

From "Skid Puffer." (Henry Holt & Co.)

THE big man's finger was on the trigger, a big hole of blue steel was close to Skid's nose, and Skid Puffer was on the hair-line edge of life and death.

In turning Skid Puffer had lowered his aim; he had no chance. The man with the Winchester had the drop.

"Lieutenant Sykes, take his gun." A slim young man ran in, bent low sidewise, placed his cocked revolver on Skid Puffer's hand, then dropping his own as its muzzle touched the hand, he snatched Skid's gun to the ground. That was cat-like in quickness. The man with the Winchester stepped back, straightened and rested his rifle on the earth with his big hand over the lock.

"Wat's lay, Bob?"

Skid saw the glance of recognition. Not another word for an age. The sun beat down hotter than ever. The wary lizard shot along the rocks; a woodpecker hammered on a dead bole of a near saguaro; a horned viper waddled out of a hole in the rocks and stared at the men in green-eyed malignity; yet no word. The master man with his gun muzzle on the earth and his huge sunburned hand over the lock, the slim stranger to the



From "Skid Puffer."

Copyright 1910, by Henry Holt & Co.

"SKID PUFFER WAS ON THE HAIR-LINE EDGE OF LIFE AND DEATH."

side with his hand clutched over his revolver-butt in his belt, Skid white and silent, Greyson erect and panting, made a picture as ominous and as silent as the desert. There was not the slightest motion except the twisting eyeballs of the master man as he turned from one to the other of the stilled combatants.

"W'at's the lay, Bob, I ast you?"

"This wolf has been on my trail for weeks trying to kill me. I don't even know who he is. Let the dirty dog take me if he can." And Bob Greyson stepped a pace forward, but stopped instantly as the fat man began to raise his gun menacingly.

"W'at's the lay, young man," he asked of Skid.

"I'm going to take him," were the only words that Skid Puffer uttered.

"Lieutenant Sykes, mark off two lines wall to wall seven steps apart. Gentlemen, step in."

Greyson stepped in. The line was outside of Skid's position.

"Gentlemen, the first man that steps outside them lines 'less ordered er knocked out'll get a steel-nose 45-40. Lieutenant, hol' your gun an' do the calling. Gentlemen, fight it out."

DR. PAYSON HOLDS THE EXPRESS.

From Lincoln's "The Depot Master," (D. Appleton & Co.)

DR. PAYSON went into the waiting room and sat down to think. After a moment's deliberation he went over to the ticket office and asked:

"What is the first stop of the Cape Cod express?"

"Brockboro," answered the ticket seller.

"Is the train usually on time?"

"Well, I should smile. That's Charlie Mills's train, and the old man ain't been conductor on this road twenty-two years for nothin'."

"Mills? Does he live on Shawmut Avenue?"

"Dunno. Billy, where does Charlie Mills live?"

"Somewhere at the South End. Shawmut Avenue, I think."

"Thank you," said the assistant, and, helping himself to a time-table, he went back rejoicing to his seat in the waiting room. He had stumbled upon an unexpected bit of luck.

The assistant saw by his time-table that the Cape Cod express reached Brockboro at 8:05. He went over to the telegraph office and wrote two telegrams. The first read like this:

CALVIN S. WISE, The People's Drug Store, 28 Broad Street, Brockboro, Mass.:



From "The Depot Master."

Copyright, 1910, by D. Appleton & Co.

"SIM, . . . HAVE YOU HEARD ANYTHING ABOUT WILLIAMS BUYING THE SMALLEY HOUSE?"

Send package 1,500 units Diphtheritic Serum marked with my name to station. Hand to Conductor Mills, Cape Cod express. Train will wait. Matter life and death.

The second telegram was to Conductor Mills. It read:

Hold train Brockboro to await arrival C. A. Wise. Great personal favor. Very important.

Both of these dispatches were signed with the magic name, "J. S. Morgan, M.D."

"Well," said the assistant as he rode back to his office, "I don't know whether Wise will get the stuff to the train in time, or whether Mills will wait for him, but at any rate I've done my part. I hope breakfast is ready, I'm hungry."

Mr. Wise, of "The People's Drug Store," had exactly two minutes in which to cover the three-quarters of a mile to the station. As a matter of course, he was late. Inquiring for Conductor Mills, he was met by a red-faced man in uniform, who, watch in hand, demanded what in the vale of eternal torment he meant by keeping him waiting eight minutes.

"Do you realize," demanded the red-faced man, "that I'm liable to lose my job? I'll have you to understand that if any other man than Doc. Morgan asked me to hold up the Cape Cod express, I'd tell him to go right plumb to——"

Here Mr. Wise interrupted to hand over the package and explain that it was a matter of life and death. Conductor Mills only grunted as he swung aboard the train.

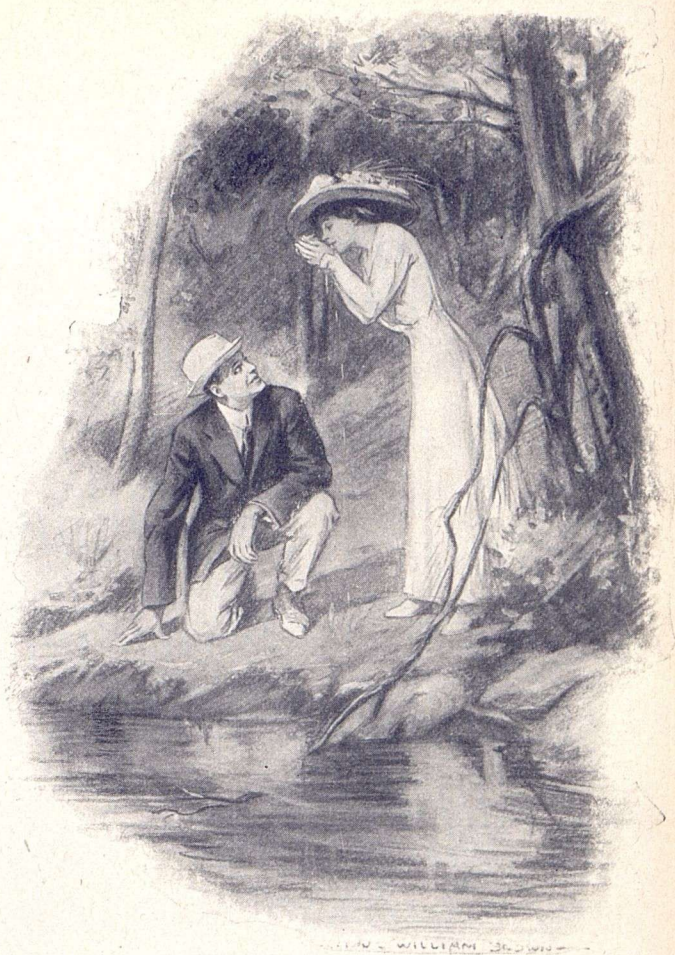
"Hump her, Jim," he said to the engineer; "she's got to make up those eight minutes."

And Jim did.

THE STRANGEST OF MY SUNSETS.

From Mrs. Todd's "A Cycle of Sunsets."
(Small, Maynard.)

THE strangest sunset of my experience. It had been a dull gray afternoon, darkening early to heavy twilight. Suddenly some one exclaimed, "Look! Look at the west!" And there, for miles along the horizon, lay a blood-red mass, not clouds, apparently, only a luminous scarlet, spreading ominously above the nearly black hills, so brilliant that our faces were reddened by its glow, yet long after the sun had sunk from sight. And it lasted with almost equal intensity for over an hour. It was air, not cloud or visible vapour. The pines stood out grimly against the strange glow like red embers, in giant silhouette. Gradually, as it drew in more



From "The Early Bird."

Copyright, 1910, by Bobbs-Merrill Co.

THEY STOPPED AND HAD A DRINK OF THE COOL WATER.

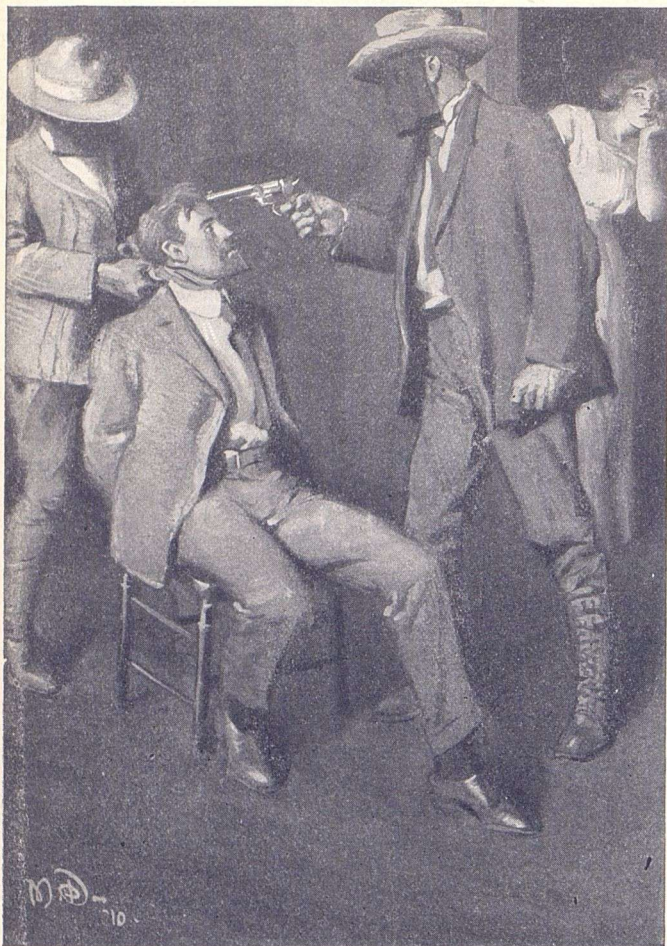
like a concentrated, red-hot coal, the north and east took on curious rose-pink, shadowy reflections, and a faint warmth suffused the whole great dome, portentous, breathless, silent, before the celestial fire, suddenly dropped to darkness, died out in the gray ashes of approaching night.

For years after the great Krakatoa eruption in 1883 our sunsets were tinged with the scarlet aftermath of that stupendous tragedy. To-night's weird color recalls those remarkable spectacles in singular vividness.

THE DIVISION SUPERINTENDENT SHOWS HIS COURAGE.

From Lynde's "Taming of Red Butte Western."
(Charles Scribner's Sons.)

WHEN she reached the door and looked within, the trembling terror returned and held her spell-bound, speechless, unable to move or even to cry out.



From 'Taming of Red Butte Western.'

Cop, right, 1910, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"WELL, GENTLEMEN, I'M WAITING. WHY DON'T YOU SHOOT?"

What she saw fitted itself to nothing real; it was more like a scene clipped from a play. Two masked men were covering with revolvers a third, who was tied helpless in a chair. The captive's face was ghastly and blood-stained, and at first she thought he was dead. Then she saw his lips move in curious twitchings that showed his teeth. He seemed to be trying to speak, but the ruffian at his right would not give him leave.

"This is where you pass out, Mr. Lidgerwood," the man was saying threateningly. "You give us your word that you will resign and leave the Red Butte Western for keeps, or you'll sit in that chair till somebody comes to take you out and bury you."

The twitching lips were controlled with what appeared to be an almost superhuman effort, but the words came jerkily.

"What would my word, extorted—under such conditions—be worth to you?"

Eleanor could hear, in spite of the terror

that would not let her cry out for help. He was yielding to them, bargaining for his life!

"We'll take it," said the spokesman coolly. "If you break faith with us there are more than two of us who will see to it that you don't live long enough to brag about it. You've had your day, and you've got to go."

"And if I refuse?" Eleanor made sure that the voice was steadier now.

"It's this, here and now," grated the taller man who had hitherto kept silence, and he cocked his revolver and jammed the muzzle of it against the bleeding temple of the man in the chair.

The captive straightened himself as well as his bonds would let him.

"You—you've let the psychological moment go by, gentlemen: I—I've got my second wind. You may burn and destroy and shoot as you please, but while I'm alive I'll stay with you. Blaze away, if that's what you want to do."

The horror-stricken watcher at the door covered her face with her hands to shut out the sight of the murder. It was not until Lidgerwood's voice, calm and even-toned and taunting, broke the silence that she ventured to look again.

"Well, gentlemen, I'm waiting. Why don't you shoot? You are greater cowards than I have ever been, with all my shiverings and teeth-chatterings. Isn't the stake big enough to warrant your last desperate play? I'll make it bigger. You are the two men who broke the rail-joint at Silver Switch. Ah, that hits you, doesn't it?"

"Shut up!" growled the tall man, with a fruitful imprecation.

Lidgerwood's grin was ghastly, but it was nevertheless a teeth-baring defiance.

"You curs!" he scoffed. "You haven't even the courage of your own necessities! Why don't you pluck up the nerve to shoot, and be done with it? I'll make it still more binding upon you: if you don't kill me now, while you have the chance, as God is my witness I'll hang you both for those murders last night at Silver Switch. I know you, in spite of your flimsy disguise: *I can call you both by name!*"

THE WIRETAPPERS FIRST WIN.

From Payne's "The Losing Game." (Dillingham.)

THERE was a slip of colored paper in her hand. She unfolded it and laid it in front of him—a check signed by Hilpricht & Co. "We're sixty-two dollars and a half ahead of the game to-day, Johnny!" she said gayly.

He looked at the slip of paper with some confusion, then picked it up; finally, he burst out laughing.

"You know—I got cold feet—thinking of you," he said with embarrassed candor. "After all, getting a woman into a mess of this kind—if there should be a mess——"

She smiled quizzically. "I somehow had a sort of suspicion you might, so I hopped right in," she said. "And now, Johnny, don't you ever think of me when your feet are cold. Think of Florida or a soapstone."

There was no equivocating after that—except in one particular. He kept telling her that she must lose now and then, or, at least, go in blind and take her chances. For if she won every time the bucketshop people would grow suspicious, and if they grew suspicious they would presently trace out the signals. He insisted upon this point. Twice, indeed, she did place her money without a signal from him. The first time she came out even. But the second time she stuck to her bad trade two days and lost a hundred and fifty dollars. After that she simply couldn't bring herself to do it. She would sort of resolve to—next day. But when it came to the point of putting up two hundred dollars in good money and taking the chance of losing it her heart always failed her. So she lied to him about it—telling him she had made such and such deals without a signal when she hadn't.

She surveyed fat, hoarse Dallam with his big, pale-blue eyes, and said to herself: "What's the use of throwing away money on him; he's a fool, anyhow." And she took other precautions—that is, she traded sometimes in Hilpricht's and sometimes in the Woman's Commission Company; sometimes she would get the signal on the tape in one office and go into the other to make the trade. She didn't know that Hilpricht & Co. and the Woman's Commission Company were really one concern, organized on the principle that a woman will never buy anything unless she sees it in two different shops.



CURLEY LOSES THE HAND.

From Mulford's "Hopalong Cassidy."
(McClurg.)

It was Antonio, and a puff of smoke arose from the Mexican's shoulder and streaked behind, soon followed by another. Curley knew the rifle, a 40-90 Sharps, and did not waste a shot, for he must be on

equal terms before he could hope to cope with it. Another puff, then another and another, but still he was not hit. Now he drew his own rifle from its holster and hazarded a shot, but to no avail. Then the second herder, who had not as yet fired, snatching the rifle from Antonio's hands and, checking his horse, leaped off and rested the weapon across the saddle. Taking deliberate aim, he fired, and Curley pitched out of the saddle as his horse stumbled and fell. The rider scrambled to his feet, dazed and hurt, and ran to his horse, but one look told the story and he ended the animal's misery with a shot from his Colt.

The herder and the cattle were rapidly growing smaller in the distance, but the Mexican rode slowly around the man on foot, following the circumference of a large circle and shooting with calm deliberation. The bullets hummed and whined viciously past the H2 puncher, kicking up the dust in little spurts, and cold ferocity filled his heart as he realized the rustler's purpose. He raised his own rifle and fired—and loaded the barrel. When he had fallen the barrel had become choked with sand and dust and he was at the mercy of his gloating enemy, who would now wipe out the insult put upon him at the bunk house. Slowly Antonio rode and carefully he fired and then, seeing that there was something wrong with Curley's rifle, which the puncher threw aside, he drew closer, determined to shoot him to pieces.

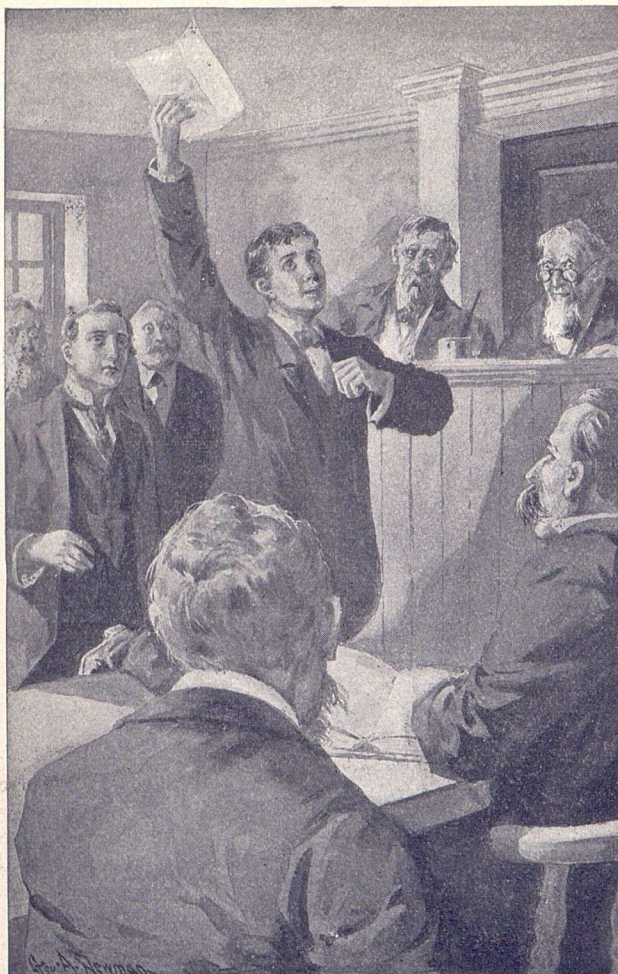
Curley was stung with rage now. He knew



From "Our Search for a Wilderness."
Henry Holt & Co.

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CROSSING A STREAM ON THE HOORIE JUNGLE ROAD.



From "The Gang."

Copyright, 1910, by Griffith & Rowland Press

"THERE'S THE LETTER. THERE IT IS!"

that it was only a question of waiting until the right bullet came, and scorning to hug sand for the "Greaser" he held in such contempt, and vaguely realizing that such an act would not change the result, he put all his faith in a dash. He ran swiftly towards his astonished enemy, who expected him to seek what cover the dead horse would give him, Colt in hand, cursing at every jump and hoping to be spared long enough to get within range with his six-shooter, if only for one shot. Antonio did not like this close work and cantered away, glancing back from time to time. When Curley finally was forced to stop because of exhaustion the rider also stopped and slipped off his horse to have a rest for the rifle. Curley emptied the Colt in a futile, enraged effort to make a lucky hit while his enemy calmly aimed from across the saddle. Hastily reloading the Colt as he ran, the puncher dashed forward again, zig-zagging to avoid being hit. There was a puff of gray smoke, but Curley did not hear the report.

He threw one arm half up as if to ward off the shot and pitched forward, face down in the dust.



THE LETTER IS FOUND.

From Brasted's "The Gang."
(Griffith & Rowland Press.)

Just at that moment there was a sudden outcry from Steve. He sprang to his feet, and looked fixedly and excitedly at the book in Briggs' hand. All eyes were riveted upon him. We thought the boy had gone mad. He stood still only an instant, and then placing one hand on the table he jumped upon it, and with the other hand reached over and snatched the book from Briggs. The sheriff stepped up to restrain him. Steve, on the table, resting upon one knee and one foot, was rapidly turning the leaves of the book.

"Oh, let me alone," he said to the sheriff, with an impatient gesture, "let me alone! I've found it! I know it is there; I saw it, I saw it!" and he fumbled on excitedly.

Jones looked a trifle pale. Before the sheriff had time to proceed further, Steve jerked a sheet of paper from between the leaves of the book. Holding it aloft, his face radiant, he fairly shouted:

"There's the letter, there it is!"

Then recovering himself, he stepped back to the floor, handed the letter to Gene, and sat down by him, burying his face in his hands.

Gene hastily scanned the sheet, as did Ann; and a moment after, Gene said calmly:

"Have you completed your direct examination, Mr. Briggs?"

"I have finished," he responded. "You may cross-examine."

"Mr. Jones," said Gene, piercing the old man through with the flinty look of his steel-gray eyes, "I now hand you a letter which I will have identified as 'Exhibit number one,' being a letter dated October 9, 18—, addressed to Steven Russell, Clear Creek, and signed by Jones Brothers, per W. S. Jones. I will now ask you if that letter is in your handwriting?"

Jones took the letter, his hands trembling violently. As he looked down at the sheet, his pallor grew deeper and deeper. For some time he sat silent and motionless, save that his hands trembled.

Court, jury, and spectators knew that a crisis had come, and were watching him with breathless expectancy.

KILMENY SAVES ERIC'S LIFE.

From Montgomery's "Kilmeny of the Orchard."
(L. C. Page & Co.)

KILMENY walked through the lane slowly and absently like a woman in a dream. When she came to the gap in the fence where the lane ran into the orchard she lifted her wan, drooping face and saw Eric, sitting in the shadow of the wood at the other side of the orchard with his bowed head in his hands. She stopped quickly and the blood rushed wildly over her face.

The next moment it ebbed, leaving her white as marble. Horror filled her eyes,—blank, deadly horror, as the livid shadow of a cloud might fill two blue pools.

Behind Eric, Neil Gordon was standing tense, crouched, murderous. Even at that distance Kilmeny saw the look on his face, saw what he held in his hand, and realized in one agonized flash of comprehension what it meant.

All this photographed itself in her brain in an instant. She knew that by the time she could run across the orchard to warn Eric by a touch it would be too late. Yet

she must warn him—she *must*—she *MUST*! A mighty surge of desire seemed to rise up within her and overwhelm her like a wave of the sea,—a surge that swept everything before it in an irresistible flood. As Neil Gordon swiftly and vindictively, with the face of a demon, lifted the axe he held in his hand, Kilmeny sprang forward through the gap.

Eric started up, confused, bewildered, as the voice came shrieking across the orchard. He did not in the least realize that it was Kilmeny who had called to him, but he instinctively obeyed the command.

He wheeled around and saw Neil Gordon, who was looking, not at him, but past him at Kilmeny. The Italian boy's face was ashen and his eyes were filled with terror and incredulity, as if he had been checked in his murderous purpose by some supernatural interposition. The axe, lying at his feet where he had dropped it in his unutterable consternation on hearing Kilmeny's cry, told the whole tale. But before Eric could utter a word Neil turned, with a cry more like that of an animal than a human being, and fled like a hunted creature into the shadow of the spruce wood.

A moment later Kilmeny, her lovely face dewed with tears and sunned over with smiles, flung herself on Eric's breast.

"Oh, Eric, I can speak—I can speak! Oh, it is so wonderful! Eric, I love you—I love you!"



FRA LIPPO LIPPI'S ART.

From Bryant's "What Pictures to See in Europe in One Summer." (John Lane Co.)

As we stop before Fra Lippo Lippi's "Coronation of the Virgin" (Fig. 33), the loveliness of the picture captivates us at once. He has given exquisite quality to his scheme of color in the glowing flesh, fluffy golden hair, and delicately tinted draperies. Lippi's peculiar habit of painting all his figures with short necks sets us to wondering if that was the beauty charm of Lucretia Buti, the novice who stole his heart. At least this pronounced physical feature is the very opposite of the long slender necks so characteristic of the Byzantine style. The intense love of a beautiful face led Lippi to choose his models for Madonnas and saints from the lovely young girls of the period. But he never deteriorated into the love of beautiful form alone, for purity and sweetness are the attributes that distinguish his women. Lippi was a monk from circumstances, not from choice; hence the broken vows of the beautiful Lucretia and himself were forgiven by the Pope and their marriage sanctioned. Browning's description of the jolly monk in his poem, "Fra Lippo Lippi," is an amusing and charming life of the artist.



From "Kilmeny of the Orchard"

Copyright, 1910, by L. C. Page & Co.

FOR A FEW MOMENTS HE STOOD THERE AND
LOOKED AT HER.

BEEKMAN GETS A RETAINER.

From Osborne's "The Running Fight." (Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

BEEKMAN thought for a while, weighing carefully the other's words. There was reputation in this thing; moreover, he felt that it would do Wilkinson no harm, for he was convinced of Wilkinson's honesty of purpose. He saw no reason why honest business should be refused. More than that, this Bank Le Boeuf had, in times past, employed him as its counsel, and all through dinner Witheridge had been pouring praises in his ear.

"I hope you can take it," pressed Witheridge, "for to tell you the truth, there's nobody in New York that we'd rather have than you. We've that much confidence in you. . . ."

But Beekman still balked.

"If I take this case, I needn't assure you, Mr. Witheridge, that you may depend on me. The only reason why I hesitate is because I know the man's daughter. But once I decide to take the case. . . ."

At that moment a waiter laid down an evening paper before Beekman; he glanced at it, revolving the proposition the while in his mind. Suddenly he started and cried out:

"Great Scott! The man we're talking about—shot. . . ."

"Killed?" gasped Witheridge.

"No—it's his private secretary that was killed." And with his eyes still on the paper, "No, wait. There's more. Wilkinson is held in three-quarter of a million bail. I heard this morning that he was indicted, but I never expected— And, Cæsar's ghost! They've locked him up in the Tombs and in default of bail. That's rough!"

"My dear Beekman," grinned Witheridge, "don't you see that it's all a game—all but the killing? Say that you'll take the case, then I can go on—tell you the rest."

But whatever would have been Eliot's decision at that moment, he was not permitted to give it utterance. For just then he heard some one calling out his name; and, glancing up, he saw a boy approaching him with a telegram in his hand.

"Mr. Beekman?" asked the boy.

Beekman took the message, which said:

ELIOT. BEEKMAN, ESQ.,

Hotel Iroquois, Buffalo N. Y.

You are retained in People vs. Wilkinson as counsel for defense. Take the first train for New York.

MOREHEAD.

After grasping its contents, Beekman quickly passed it over to his host with the one word: "Read." And then he added:

"This is a retainer, Mr. Witheridge, that I cannot very well refuse. You see," he was smiling now, "I know his daughter."

MR. RICABY SEEKS HIS CLIENT.

From Klein and Hornblow's "John Marsh's Millions." (Dillingham.)

Buzz! buzz!

Mr. Spencer touched a button and the big doors swung wide open, giving admittance to Mr. Ricaby, who, pale and anxious-looking, advanced quickly into the office. As he came in Dr. Zachari, a sneer on his lips, made a formal salutation, but it was not returned. Ignoring the physician's presence entirely, the lawyer made his way straight to the superintendent's desk:

"I wish to see my client, Miss Marsh," he said, in a firm voice that would brook no refusal.

Dr. Zachari gave a contemptuous shrug of his shoulders and, with a significant smile at the superintendent, went away.



From "What Pictures to See in Europe in One Summer"

Copyright, 1910, by John Lane Co.



From "John Marsh's Millions."

G. W. Dillingham Co.

AN INTERRUPTED MEETING.

"I have sent for Miss Marsh," said the superintendent coldly.

"Thank you," replied the lawyer curtly.

"The air was full of hostility. The superintendent stood in silence at his desk putting away his papers. Mr. Ricaby, taking a seat uninvited, looked around him and shuddered as he thought of the poor girl whose rescue from this dreadful place he was moving heaven and earth to effect. After a few minutes' wait Collins reappeared. Addressing the superintendent, he said:

"Miss Marsh will be here directly, sir."

"Very well," growled the other. "They can have this room."

"Yes, sir."

"Who is on watch duty to-day?" demanded the superintendent.

"Lockwood at the front gates, sir, and Medwinter patrolling."

"Very well," said the superintendent airily. "If you want me I'm at lunch."

Then, without so much as a glance at the lawyer, he closed his desk lid with a bang and left the office.

Mr. Ricaby waited anxiously for the coming of his client. All voices and sounds had died away, and a heavy, sinister silence fell upon the entire building. There was something unnatural about the dead calm. Suddenly there was a scream of terror, followed by peals of hysterical laughter. Then all was silence again. In spite of himself the lawyer felt uncomfortable. The quiet now was uncanny and oppressive.

"YOU ARE NOT GOING AWAY?"

From Bindloss's "Thurston of Orchard Valley."
(Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

HE desired to save her embarrassment, and when she raised her head to obey her father, he broke in:

"Miss Savine can place me under an obligation by firing the fateful charge instead. It was her first commission which brought good luck to me, and it is only fitting she should complete the result of it by turning the firing key."

Helen's eyes expressed her gratitude, as, consenting, she turned them upon the speaker. Geoffrey rising to the occasion, said:

"Did you ever hear the story of the first contract I undertook in British Columbia, sir? May I tell it to your father, Miss Savine?"

Helen was quick to appreciate his motive, and allowed him to see it. While, seizing the opportunity to change the subject, Geoffrey told the story whimsically. Humor was not his strong point, but he was capable of brilliancy just then. Julius Savine laughed heartily, and when the tale was finished all had settled down to their normal manner. When Geoffrey took his leave, however, Helen followed him to the veranda, and held out her hand. She stood close to him with the moonlight full upon her, and it was only by an effort that the man who gripped the slender fingers, conquered his desire to draw her towards him. Helen never had looked



From "Thurston of Orchard Valley."
Frederick A. Stokes Co.

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THE SLIGHT FIGURE SWAYED TO THE STRIDE OF
A GALLOPING HORSE.

so desirable. Then he dropped her hand, and stood impassively still, waiting for what she had to say.

"I could not thank you before my father, but neither could I let you go without a word," she said, with a quiet composure which, because she must have guessed at the struggle within him, was the badge of courage. "You have won my undying gratitude, and—"

"That is a great deal, very well worth the winning," he responded. "It will be one pleasant memory to carry away with me."

"To carry with you! You are not going away?" asked Helen, with an illogical sense of dismay, which was not, however, in the least apparent. She knew that any sign of feeling would provoke the crisis from which she shrank.

"Yes," declared Geoffrey. "Once this work is completed, I shall seek another field."

"You must not!" Though her voice was strained, Helen, who dared not do otherwise, looked him steadily in the eyes.



"OH," SHE GASPED, "I DIDN'T BELIEVE
YOU COULD BE SO CRUEL!"

From Miller's "The Man Higher Up." (Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

DURING his outburst her amusement disappeared altogether. She spoke almost regretfully.

"How you must hate me! I don't understand it. But I don't gloat. I am only sorry

for you. What you say almost makes you contemptible. Surely you can't mean that, merely because your petty, childish vanity is hurt, you are willing to sacrifice not only my possible happiness—which, of course, doesn't count—but also the happiness of a man you have called friend. Surely you're not so small and weak as that!"

Then his anger slipped its leash entirely. The red veil that had come before his eyes when he fought Haggin fell again. He was obsessed by a savage lust to hurt the woman before him, to deal her a blow that she would feel to the uttermost. His words fell slowly, cuttingly, with cruel distinctness.

"O, for that I have all the justification I need. You're not to be trusted with him. You're beautiful. You're the sort that has power over men. You have power over me. . . . Seeing you sets me on fire with wild, insane longings. I have to keep my hate boiling . . . or . . . good God! what am I saying? . . . it's true! . . . or love you!" He laughed harshly, wildly. "And the weaker the man, the greater your power. I know your history, Mrs. Gilbert. You had one weakling under your influence. And you let him go to hell without lifting a finger to save him."

Even in his savage anger, Bob was startled by the effect of his cruel words. She turned white and shrank back as from a heavy physical blow. Once he had carried an injured newsboy from the street into a doctor's office and had seen the mingled fear and fascination in the child's eyes as he watched the surgeon's movements. Into her eyes he saw the same expression come, as she looked up at him, her woman's pride and courage struck down in an instant. She drew a long, shuddering breath.

"Oh!" she gasped. "I didn't believe you could be so cruel. I didn't believe you could be so cruel."

Slowly, unable to take her eyes from his, she rose and started uncertainly toward the door. She stumbled over a chair and would have fallen, had he not caught her. She pushed herself away from him, shuddering.

"Don't touch me, don't touch me!"

He watched her, hardly able to comprehend the completeness of his brutality's triumph or the startling change in the woman who had mocked him so often, until she passed out of the room. And as she went from his sight, the sweetness of his savage joy turned to bitterness in his mouth—left him to face the supreme fact of his life.

A minute later, mechanically, ashamed and humbled by his own cruelty, he followed her into the hall.



ANASTASIUS STRIKES.

From Locke's "Simon the Jester." (John Lane Co.)

"Monsieur, sortez!"

I went to it and flung it wide. Anastasius Papadopoulos trotted into the room.

His entrance was so queer, so unexpected, so anti-climatic, that for the moment the

three of us were thrown off our emotional balance.

"I have heard all, I have heard all," shrieked the little man. "I know you for what you are. I am the champion of the *carissima signora* and the protector of the English statesman. You are a traitor and murderer——"

Vauvenarde lifted his hand in a threatening gesture.

"Hold your tongue, you little abortion!" he shouted.

But Anastasius went on screaming and flourishing his bundle of papers.

"Ask him if he remembers the horse Sultan; ask him if he remembers the horse Sultan!"

Lola took him by the shoulders.

"Anastasius, you must go away from here—to please me. It's my orders."

But he shook himself free, and the silk hat which he had not removed fell off in the quick struggle.

"Ask him if he remembers Saupiquet," he screamed, and then banged the door.

A malevolent devil put a sudden idea into my head and prompted speech.

"Do you remember Saupiquet?" I asked ironically.

"Monsieur, meddle with your own affairs and let me pass. You shall hear from me."

The dwarf planted himself before the door.

"You shall not pass till you have answered me. Do you remember Saupiquet? Do you remember the five francs you gave to Saupiquet to let you into Sultan's stable? Ah! Ha! Ha! You wince. You grow pale. Do you remember the ball of poison you put down Sultan's throat?"

Lola started forward with flaming eyes and anguished face.

"You—you?" she gasped. "You were so ignoble as to do that?"

"The accursed brute!" shouted Vauvenarde. "Yes, I did it. I wish I had burned out his entrails."

Anastasius sprang at him like a tiger cat. I had a quick vision of the dwarf clinging in the air against the other's bulky form, one hand at his throat, and then of an incredibly swift flash of steel. The dwarf dropped off and rolled backwards, revealing something black sticking out of Vauvenarde's frock-coat—for the second I could not realize what it was. Then Vauvenarde, with a ghastly face, reeled sideways and collapsed in a heap on the ground.



RONALD GETS WORD FROM THE PRISONER.

From Garvice's "*The Fatal Ruby*." (George H. Doran Co.)

RONALD'S face went white; he stretched out his hand, crying hoarsely:

"The letter!—the letter!"

He snatched it from Smithers' hand, and carried it to the light. Somewhat prepared as he had been, he started and shook as he saw the address—"To Robert Carew, Tricania." His hand shook so violently that he

could scarcely open the envelope; and, when he had done so, he could scarcely read the few lines, every word of which struck on his heart. They ran:

"DEAREST,—

"I was taken from the island. There was no time, no chance of writing to you. I was brought here to the Villa Romano. I am watched night and day. I am kept a close prisoner. My maid, Nita, who has come to pity me, has promised to give this letter to her lover, to forward to the captain of the yacht. He is an Englishman; he will do so. If you get this letter, come to me. Oh, come to me quickly, or I shall——! No, I shall not die, for I shall live in the hope of seeing you again, though it may not be for years.

"CARA."

Ronald read this piteous appeal twice, thrice; the gardens, the whole world, seemed spinning round him in a mad frenzy. With the letter crushed in his hand, he sank against a tree and fought for calmness, for the power of thought. Cara there, a prisoner, subjected to that man's violence, in the hands of a half-mad wretch, an unscrupulous adventurer and thief! What should he, Ronald, do? His first impulse was to storm his beloved's prison-house; but he knew that such a desperate plan was fraught with difficulties, might endanger Cara's safety. What should he do?

He was recalled to himself by a touch of Smithers' hand.

"It's something serious, sir?" whispered



1 roia "Simon the Jester." Copyright, 1910, by John Lane Co.

"DON'T MAKE ME CRY. I'M VERY NEAR IT."

Smithers. "You—you know the young lady, sir?"

"Know her!" he said hoarsely. "It's the girl I love, am going to marry; and she's shut up there!"

Ronald laughed wildly, half insanelly.

Smithers drew still nearer him.

"For God's sake, 'old yerself in 'and, sir!" he implored him. "I see 'ow it is now, sir. But don't you give way, Mr. Ronnie! Luck's on our side. Ain't it provin' itself so? Think of me meetin' that young woman, think o' 'er givin' me that letter, meant for you, yerself, here close at 'and! Come back to the yacht, sir! Nothin' can be done to-night; and you want time to think. I've got a carriage awaitin'; for 'eaven's sake, come with me! Why, lor' bless yer 'eart, Mr. Ronnie, I ain't afeared; I know well enough that, if she was inside Noogate, you'd get 'er out. I'm goin' to meet the young woman in the mornin' to tell 'er what the captain says—I didn't let on as I was takin' the letter direct to you—"

Ronald pulled himself together; he gripped Smithers' shoulder and looked at him as an Englishman looks when he cannot express his emotion.

"It was a lucky day I met you, Smithers!" he said. "Yes, we'll get her out, if we have to pull the place down, stone by stone!"

Smithers' face lit up with a fierceness which was almost as savage as Ronald's.

"Yes, sir; if we have to blow this flowery hell sky high."



MYRON GIVES IN TO HIS BOY.

From Alice Brown's "Country Neighbors."
(Houghton Mifflin Co.)

HERMAN waited, but his father could not speak. Myron was really seeing, as in a homely vision, the peace of the garden where he might at this moment have been expecting the call to dinner if he had not been summoned to the bar of judgment.

"I guess he's goin' to let me say it," his wife continued. "Father's goin' to give you a deed o' the Turnbull place. It's goin' to be yours, same as if you'd bought it, and you and Annie are goin' to live there all your days, same's we're goin' to live here."

Herman turned impetuously upon his father. There was a great rush of life to his face, and his father saw it and understood, in the amazement of it, things he had never stopped to consider about the boy who had miraculously grown to be a man. But Herman was finding something in his father's jaded mien. It stopped him on the tide of happiness, and he spoke impetuously.

"She's dragged it out o' you! Mother's been tellin' you! I don't want it that way, father, not unless it's your own free will. I won't have it no other way."

It was a man's word to a man. Myron straightened himself to his former bearing. In a flash of memory he remembered the day when his father, an old-fashioned man, had

given him his freedom suit and shaken hands with him and wished him well. Involuntarily he put out his hand.

"It's my own will, Hermie," he said, in a tone they had not heard from him since the day, eighteen years behind them, when the boy Hermie was rescued from the "old-swimmin'-hole." "We'll have the deeds drawed up to-morrer."

They stood an instant, hands gripped, regarding each other in the allegiance not of blood alone. The clasp broke, and they remembered the woman and turned to her. There she stood, trembling a little, but apparently removed from all affairs too large for her. She had taken a cover from the stove, and was obviously reflecting on the next step in her domestic progress.

"I guess you better bring me in a handful o' that fine kindlin', Hermie," she remarked, in her wonted tone of brisk suggestion, "so's 't I can brash up the fire. I shan't have dinner on the stroke—not 'fore half-past one."



A £5 NOTE TO THE RESCUE.

From Wodehouse's "The Intrusion of Jimmy."
(W. J. Watt & Co.)

WATCHING the crowd, Jimmy had found his attention attracted chiefly by a party of three, a few tables away. The party consisted of a girl, rather pretty, a lady of middle age and stately demeanor, plainly her mother, and a light-haired, weedy young man in the twenties. It had been the almost incessant prattle of this youth and the peculiarly high-pitched, gurgling laugh which shot from him at short intervals that had drawn Jimmy's notice upon them. And it was the curious cessation of both prattle and laugh that now made him look again in their direction.

The young man faced Jimmy; and Jimmy, looking at him, could see that all was not well with him. He was pale. He talked at random. A slight perspiration was noticeable on his forehead.

Jimmy caught his eye. There was a hunted look in it.

Given the time and the place, there were only two things that could have caused this look. Either the light-haired young man had seen a ghost, or he had suddenly realized that he had not enough money to pay the check.

Jimmy's heart went out to the sufferer. He took a card from his case, scribbled the words, "Can I help?" on it, and gave it to a waiter to take to the young man, who was now in a state bordering on collapse.

The next moment, the light-haired one was at his table, talking in a feverish whisper.

"I say," he said, "it's frightfully good of you old chap! It's frightfully awkward. I've come out with too little money. I hardly like to—you've never seen me before—"

"Don't rub in my misfortunes," pleaded Jimmy. "It wasn't my fault."

He placed a five-pound note on the table.

"Say when," he said, producing another. "I say, thanks fearfully," the young man said. "I don't know what I'd have done." He grabbed at the note. "I'll let you have it back to-morrow. Here's my card. Is your

morrow. Thanks frightfully again, old chap. I don't know what I should have done."

"It's been a treat," said Jimmy, deprecatingly.

The young man flitted back to his table,



From "The Intrusion of Jimmy."

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THE NEXT MOMENT HE HAD SWUNG HER OFF HER FEET AND
LOWERED HER CAREFULLY TO THE CUSHIONS IN THE
BOW OF THE CANOE.

address on your card? I can't remember. Oh, by Jove, I've got it in my hand all the time." The gurgling laugh came into action again, freshened and strengthened by its rest. "Savoy Mansions, eh? I'll come round to-

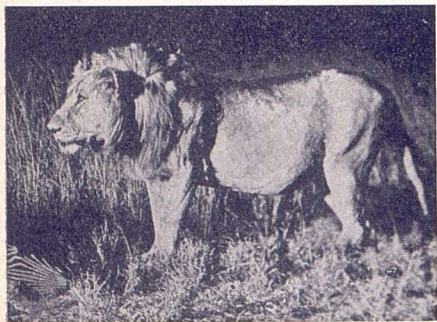
bearing the spoil. Jimmy looked at the card he had left. "Lord Dreever," it read, and in the corner the name of a well-known club.

The name Dreever was familiar to Jimmy. Every one knew of Dreever Castle.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE STALKED BY LIONS.

From Dugmore's "Camera Adventures in the African Wilds." (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

AFTER the zebra had gone time began to hang heavily on my hands, as nothing else appeared on the scene. I thought of returning to camp for a sleep, as I was very tired after the long night's watch, but it was nearing lunch hour, so I decided to wait a little longer, and beguiled the time writing letters, keeping all the while a good lookout to windward, the direction from which the animals would naturally approach, as coming the other way they would, of course, get scent of me. For some reason or other, just as I was finishing a letter, I happened to glance down wind. It was the most fortunate thing that ever happened to me, for there, not eighty yards away, were two immense lions stalking me across some open ground. The sudden sight of these two big tawny yellow brutes was enough to stagger any one. They had seen me move, and had stopped immediately, absolutely still, with their eyes fixed on me. My first impulse was to grasp a camera and get a picture of them, but as I leaned forward to pick it up they both took a few long, slow steps forward, and I decided that it was no time for camera work if I wished to take my own skin safely back to camp. I therefore took up the rifle instead, feeling that it was far more useful than the camera. In my excitement I forgot to look to the sights, taking it for granted that they would be set for one hundred yards, as I always kept them. I aimed at the larger of the two lions; the shot struck high, just over his head. I attributed this miss to my



From "Camera Adventures in the African Wilds."
Copyright, 1910, by P. F. Collier & Son (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

FLASHLIGHT PICTURE OF THE KING OF BEASTS.

own excitement, for I was excited, and taking more careful aim fired again, with exactly the same result. Then I looked at the sights, and found that my gun-bearer had set them for three hundred yards. About this time I realized with sudden feelings of horror that I had no ammunition with me except the six cartridges that had been in the magazine and chamber of the rifle; in fact, it was only by chance that I had the weapon at all, for before leaving camp that morning I had

remarked to my companion that it seemed absurd carrying any firearms when I was only going to work from a blind which was but five hundred yards from our camp, and I had nearly left the rifle behind. Had I done so, it is hard to say what might have happened, for I should have been utterly powerless, there being no trees near me in which I could have taken refuge. It is perhaps needless to say that the next shot was fired with the greatest possible care and deliberation, and, to my intense satisfaction, I saw the big brute roll over. I had still three cartridges left. All this time the second lion stood absolutely motionless, staring at me. That he did not charge seemed extraordinary. I fully expected to see him come when his companion was struck, so I fired as quickly as I could and knocked him over. The feeling of relief was greater than can be imagined, but I had another moment of anxiety as I saw that the first lion had not been fatally wounded! Curiously enough, instead of charging me, as a wounded lion might be expected to do, he got up and slowly moved away, going into some thick brush. I signalled to my camera bearer, who was waiting between me and camp, and he came running toward me. His course led him about seventy yards from the second lion, which had its back broken, and as he rushed past the lion gave a frightful roar, and the poor negro thought his last moment had come, and completely collapsed. It was with difficulty I persuaded him that he was not in immediate danger, and that I wanted him to go for some more ammunition so that I could pursue the wounded beast and put the other one out of its misery. He went off gladly enough, and returned with the whole camp following. We searched the scrubby woods, only to find the blood-stained tracks of the wounded lion, and tracks of another close beside. So it was particularly fortunate that I had not followed with my scanty supply of cartridges, and I ceased regretting the loss of the fine skin which I should greatly have liked to keep as a souvenir of my fortunate escape. However, I have the other skin, to say nothing of my own, so it would be ungrateful to complain of my luck.



UTICA, NOT DEAD, BUT—"CYRENAIC."

From Peck's "New Baedeker." (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

AGAIN, in many Western towns and cities, there is the same American friendliness, but you have to pay for it by listening to what men tell you of themselves. In Utica, there seems to prevail a natural good breeding which neither intrudes upon your personal concerns nor makes insistent raids upon your patience. And this is why I like so much the men and women and even the small children of Utica, New York. They all possess what is one of the most essential elements of true gentility,—a happy combination of reticence about themselves, and in turn a willingness to respect your reticence. The gimlet-minded Yankee and the bragging Westerner

might both, to their advantage, learn useful lessons from the citizens of Utica. I believe that in Syracuse they speak scornfully of Utica as a "dead" city. Rather it is a city where every one has time to live and to enjoy life with a hedonistic philosophy, about which there is something Horatian if not positively Cyrenaic. You can see nothing English in the external aspect of the place; yet its atmosphere is like that which gives mellowness to many good old English towns such as Coventry and Canterbury.

Those persons who are fond of searching deeply into the origin of things may find an explanation of Utica's tranquillity in the fact that its real importance came to it when the Erie Canal was first constructed. That famous waterway cuts Genesee Street at right angles and is spanned by a long bridge. I love to lean over the railing and look down into the unstirred water, observing now and then a broad canal-boat lazily gliding on its way. The sight is restful in these days of frantic locomotion; and perhaps when Utica was young, the calm spirit of the canal infused itself into the nature of the inhabitants. However this may be, all things are quite in keeping. There was a time when canal-boats connoted something ludicrous to me; but now they typify repose and peace. They are the gondolas of Utica and they still remain with her; whereas Venice—queen of the Adriatic and steeped in a rich inheritance of romantic memories—has crazily torn off her chaplet and has yielded up her beautiful lagoons to panting, fluttering, impertinent little launches in which lovers can no longer dream by moonlight in each other's arms, with the ripple of the water making an accompaniment so exquisite as to seem almost divine—the very soul of poetry and music, in perfect harmony with that purest phase of passion whose throb is subtly stilled by a tenderness even more irresistible and overpowering.



"I CAME AGAIN TO CONSCIOUSNESS."

From Ironside's "The Red Symbol." (Little, Brown & Co.)

DEATH brooded over the city that night; I felt His presence everywhere,—in the streets



Illustration from

Copyright, 1910, by Little, Brown & Co.

"THE RED SYMBOL."

that were silent as the grave itself; in those whence the dead were being removed; most of all where men and women laughed and sang and defied Him! But I felt the dread Presence in a curious detached fashion. Death was my enemy indeed, an enemy who would not strike, who passed me by as one beneath contempt! And always, clear before my eyes, in my ears, above all other sights and sounds, I saw Anne's face, heard her voice. Now she stood before me as I had first known her,—a radiant, queenly vision; a girl whose laughing eyes showed never a care in the world, or a thought beyond the passing moment. Her hands were full of flowers, red flowers, red as blood. Why, it was blood; it was staining her fingers, dripping from them! Yet the man didn't see it; that man with the dark eager face, who was standing beside her, who took a spray of the flowers from her hand. What a fool this Cassavetti is not to know that she is "*La Mort!*"

Now she is changed; she wears a black gown, and the red flowers have vanished; but she is lovelier, more queenly than ever, as she looks at me with wide, pathetic eyes, and says, "I have deceived you."

I struggled up and looked around me. I knew the place well enough, the long narrow room that had once been the *salle à manger* in the Vassiltzi's Warsaw house, but that,



From "Commencement Days" Copyright, 1910, by
L. C. Page & Co.

LORRAINE CROSSED TO THE BOX.

ever since I had known it, had been the principal ward in the amateur hospital instituted by Anne. A squalid ward enough, for the beds were made up on the floor, anyhow, and every bit of space was filled, leaving just a narrow track for the attendants to pass up and down.

Along that track came a big figure that I recognized at once as Mishka, walking with clumsy caution.

"You are better? That is well," he said in a gruff undertone.

"How did I get here?" I demanded.

"Yossof brought you; he found you walking about the streets, raving mad. It is a marvel that you were not shot down."

Then I remembered something at least of what had passed.

"How long since?" I stammered, putting my hand up to my bandaged head.

"Two days."

"And—?"

"I will answer no questions," he growled in his surliest fashion. "I will send you food

and you are to sleep again. He will see you later."

"He—Loris; he is safe, then?"

He nodded, but would say no more, and presently I drifted back into sleep or unconsciousness.



AROUND THE CAMPFIRE.

From Sanders's "Trails Through the Western Woods." (Alice Harriman Co.)

It is a magical thing—this campfire, and the living ring around it is an enchanted circle. Perhaps its warmth penetrates even to the heart, or perhaps the bond of human fellowship asserts itself more strongly when only the precarious, flamboyant fire-light, leaping and waning, throwing forth a rain of sparks, or searing grey with sudden decline, separates our little group from utter desolation. Whatever the charm may be, it falls upon us all, and with eyes fixed on the amber-pictures or raised to the starry skies, we listen to tales of the long ago and of a present as unfamiliar as the past. The reserve of our guide is quite broken and he tells in a low, reminiscent drawl of wonder-spots in the range, for he knows its every peak and gorge,—of the animals that dwell in its solitary recesses and of how the Piegan Glacier got its name.

The Piegan Indians are a branch of the Blackfoot tribe, and in the early days they were almost as noted as the Absarokes who flourished near the Three Tetons, in the country of the Yellowstone. Back and forth across the passes they came and went in their nefarious traffic, secure from pursuit among the horns of these lonely heights. The vicinity of the eternal ice-fields, probably this little basin itself, sheltered the shadowy bands, and thus the glacier became known by their name. Still, you may look in vain on the maps for Piegan Glacier; you will find it called Sperry instead. Only a few years ago the old name was discarded for that of a professor who spent some weeks exploring its crevasses and under whose supervision a corps of college students spent a part of one summer's vacation, building the glacier trail. Yet there are those who love the old names as they love the traditions for which they stand, and to them the glacier will forever bear the time-honoured title of these Indians who have long since disappeared from its solitudes.



THE QUEEN DECLARES HER LOVE FOR RAMES.

From Rider Haggard's "Morning Star." (Longmans, Green & Co.)

So she spoke, and as these high words passed her lips she looked so splendid and so royal that, dazzled by the greatness of her majesty, Rames bowed himself before her as before the presence of a god. Then, aware that she was trying him in the balance of her judgment, he straightened himself and spoke to her as prince speaks to prince.

"Star of Amen," he said, "it is true that though here we are but your humble subjects, the blood of my father and of myself is as high as yours, and perhaps more ancient, and it is true that now yonder Amathel is dead, after my father, in virtue of those who went before us I have more right than any other to the inheritance of Kesh. Queen, I hear your words, I will take it if I can, not for its own sake, but to win you, and if I fail you will know that I died doing my best. Queen, we part and this is a far journey. Perhaps we may never meet again; at best we must be separated for long. Queen, you have honored me with your love, and therefore I ask a promise of you, not as woman only but as Queen. I ask that however strait may be the circumstances, whatever reasons of State may push you on, while I live you will take no other man to husband—no, not even if he offers you half the world in dower."

"I give it," she answered. "If you should learn that I am wed to any man upon the earth then spit upon my name as woman, and as Queen cast me off and overthrow me if you can. Deal with me, Rames, as in such a case I will deal with you. Only be sure of your tidings ere you believe them. Now there is nothing more to say. Farewell to you, Rames, till we meet again beneath or beyond the sun. Our royal pact is made. Come, seal it and begone."

She rose and stretched out her sceptre to him, which he kissed as her faithful subject. Next, with a swift movement, she lifted the golden *uræus* circlet from her brow and for a moment set it on his head, crowning him her king, and while it rested there she, the Queen of Egypt, bent the knee before him and did him homage. Then she cast down crown and sceptre, and as woman fell upon her lover's breast while the bright rays of morning, flowing suddenly through the eastern window-place of that splendid hall, struck upon them both, clothing them in a robe of glory and of flame.

Soon, very soon, it was done and Tua, seated there in light, watched Rames depart into the outer shadow.

CLASSIFICATION OF FERNS.

From Beecroft's "Who's Who Among the Ferns."
(Moffat, Yard & Co.)

THE ferns are classified in groups chiefly by the shape and position of the sori and indusia, so it is necessary, in most cases, for the beginner to obtain a fertile frond in order to identify the species with certainty. In some species the indusium is quite evanescent, and the specimen should be obtained before the indusia have withered. Since the different species of ferns mature at various times throughout the season, the student must be watchful from early summer until fall in order to secure specimens when in the proper stage. The beginner will doubtless make some mistakes at first. The young fronds of some of the large species will be examined until the absence of any fruiting portion discloses their identity and one recognizes an old acquaintance. Moreover, some species are exceeding variable in the cutting



From "The Morning Star."

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AND LIFTING THE DIADEM OF PEARLS CRESTED WITH THE ROYAL
URAEI SHE SET IT ON HIS BROW.

of their fronds. In fact, constancy can hardly be said to be the rule among the ferns, and it is a matter of much observation and study before one can expect to recognize at once the different species in their various forms.

In the study of the ferns a good pocket lens is indispensable. The specific differences of some of the species are often quite minute.



"GEORGE WASHINGTON'S SON."

From Moore's "Uncle Wash, His Stories."
(John C. Winston Co.)

"I MARRIED er lantern-jawed gal frum Giles County de fus' time. She didn't look lak she was much, but I tell you, Marse John she flung genuses an' poets an' pie-eaters frum de tap uv de drum, an' dey cum wid de reg-

ularity uv a mother-in-law's visits, an' de certainty uv bad colds. She seems to have heurn tell uv er rule in 'rithmetic ole Marster useter tell me about, how sum things increase 'kordin' to de square uv de rad-us-or sumpin' nu'ur lak dat—I didn't kno' uv course, so she sot in wed one boy de fus' yar, two de naixt, an' three de thu'd. So I had to put dat ar 'oman erside an' saunt 'er to her folks an' tole 'em de only safe place fer her wus housemaid in er nunnery. Wal, sah, I named dat fus' boy George Washington—for Booker's daddy, you kno'—"

"George Washington had no children," I hastened to say.

"Ter he sho," said the old man, scratching his head dubiously. "You don't say so. Wal, to be sho! but dey was makin' sech a horay over dat ar Booker dat I 'lowed he sho mus' be George's son. I's heurn tell he sed in his book he was 'most too young when he was fus' born to 'member 'zactly who his daddy wus an' his mammy forgot to tell 'im befo' she died; but I notice how all de papers now call 'im 'de son uv our country, an' es I's allers heurn de ole man Washington called de Father uv our Country, it 'peared to me he cum by his entitlements nach'ly. An' den all three uv us is named Washin'tun," said the old man proudly.

"But I'll say one thing about my George: Dat ef he'd happen to be swappin' yarns in de back yard uv de White-wash House wid de Preserdent, when de dinner bell rung, an' de Preserdent had slapped 'im on de back an' said: 'George, ole man, go wash yo' han's in de pan by de pump on de back po'ch, whar you see dat bar uv Gran'pa soap, an' wipe 'em on de rollin' towel, ef de kids hes lef' a clean spot on it, an' cum in an' break bread wid us, whilst we discuss how to wipe out de color line in de Sou't an' pass on de pedergree uv de Jones family, d'ye think he'd a dun it?" asked the old man, brusquely.

"I don't see why," I said. "I think I should."

The old man shook his head: "Uh-er-r-r! You can't see fur 'nuff, chile; it's de hoss dat can see furdest 'roun' de corner



From "Uncle Wash, His Stories"

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UNCLE WASH.

uv de last turn in de home stretch dat's apt to get to de wire fust."

"No," George 'ud said, in his fine way—fur George was aigecated: 'Please 'scuse me, Mister Preserdent, from performin' eny evolushun wid de nigger in de North dat'll make eny mo' hemp grow fur 'em in de Souf. Yo' intenchuns am good, but you don't seem to kno' dat we don't keer so much 'bout de honor uv eatin' one dinner er year wid you. Whut's botherin' us is whar we gwine git de other three hundred an' sixty-fo'! An' we're got to git 'em out uv de Souf."

"But George died," he said sadly; "Genuses allers do. At de country fair he went ag'in de rekurd uv eatin' sixteen pies in two minutes, an' done it in 1:59 $\frac{1}{4}$ —Star Pointer's time. But it kil't him."

The old man wept. I had to give him another dram.



DRURIE FIGHTS THE SPANIARD.

From Roberts's "*A Cavalier of Virginia.*" (L. C. Page & Co.)

"Now, lads," said Drurie, "I am going to kill this dog in fair fight. Guard the steps, one of you. Give him a cutlass, some one."

He turned to the limp figure in the grip of the two Englishmen. "I'll give you a chance to die like a man, even if you have never lived like one," he said.

Laroche handed his former master a cutlass. "You will remember my back when this gentleman drives a foot of iron into your dirty carcass," he said, grinning.

The seamen released Alcazardo. He held the cutlass limply and stood like a man in a dream.

"Lads," said Drurie, "low as this fellow is, I want to kill him fair. If he disables me, or kills me, you must let him go free—though where to, the devil only knows. He may have a boat hidden somewhere, in which he'll be able to row away to some other island. However that may be, if he beats me in fair fight you must let him go. But you need not fear. I promised to show you his blood, and I'll do it."

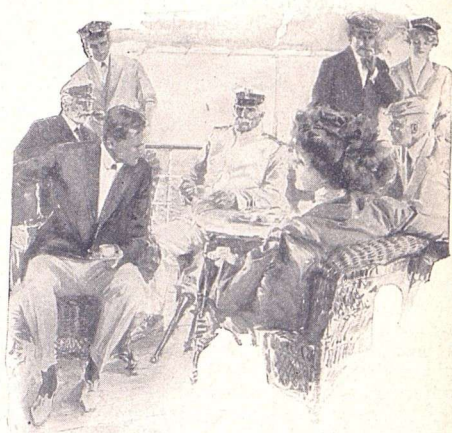
Laroche smiled quietly. He was not bound by any rules of honesty in matters of this kind, as were the Virginian and the sailors. He had his cutlass ready, alert to strike the *don* at the first sign of his overpowering the other.

Fired with the courage of desperation, the *don* attacked strongly, ringing cut after cut on Drurie's guard. Both his eyes were at his service and his arm was long. At first it seemed to the onlookers as if he would surely overcome his small and enfeebled antagonist.

Then, suddenly, Drurie halted in his slow and staggering retreat; and in the instant of ceasing to retreat he began to advance. He saw that he must make a great effort, even if at the expense of all his strength. His short blade circled and stabbed—a rapier and a sabre in one. He moved swiftly and lightly, to the right, to the left, and forward.

Tyler chuckled. Laroche swore softly in

admiration. Then the *don* screamed at the bite of an inch of cold steel in his shoulder and lurched to one side. The candles toppled from the rail into the garden. A back-handed sweep of his blade sent the other candles flying from the window-sill.



From "*A Splendid Hazard.*"

The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

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THEY LURED THE CAPTAIN INTO SPINNING YARNS.

"He's gone! After him, my lads!" cried Drurie.

The *don* had escaped, sure enough. Clearing the railing of the gallery at a bound, he dashed through the rose-garden, through a hedge of flowering shrubs, and into a field of full-grown canes; and hot on his trail dashed Laroche, the three English sailors, and half a dozen blacks. The night was dark and the trail thick with blinds.

Drurie did not follow his antagonist. He had put every ounce of his strength into the combat with the Spaniard, and now a sudden swirling faintness overtook him. He reeled to the open door and peered within. The great hall was dark; but he made out a gleam of white close in front of him.

"Are you safe, *señorita*?" he cried. Then he fell across the threshold.



THE GAME OF "ADVANCE STATUES."

From Angell's "*Play.*" (Little, Brown & Co.)

"ADVANCING STATUES" is a splendid game to teach children balance and control. The children are first told what a statue is, and that in the game to be played they are to be live children when the teacher's back is turned, but motionless statues when his eye is on them. They are to start all together from a line about thirty feet from the teacher, and the first one crossing the line on which the teacher stands will be the winner. They may advance when his back is

turned, but as soon as he faces them they must not move hand or foot, or head or body. They are statues. When they have lined up, the teacher stands on the opposite line, with his back turned, pounding with a stick, and counting aloud. Occasionally he turns rapidly, and any child detected in motion is pointed at and must return to the line and start again. The teacher does not turn at regular intervals, but uses every artifice to catch the children, sometimes counting slowly and turning unexpectedly, or turning instantly on the first count, or several times in rapid succession.



SIR RICHARD PENDRAGON BESPEAKS MERCY.

From *Snail's "Fortune."* (Moffat, Yard & Co.)

THE King of Castile entered the presence of his victorious adversaries with a calm and noble smile. Yet no sooner did his gaze fall upon the grey-bearded noblemen with halters about their necks than his eyes drooped, and a great anguish seemed to cloud them.

The relentless eyes of madam were fixed upon her foe.

"Dost thou see them, bloody-minded one?" said she. "These old bears shall have the fangs drawn out of their chaps so that they shall bite no more."

"Sirrah Red Dragon, his crimes are many and abominable," said the Countess Sylvia. "I would indeed have you punish him. I would have you punish him with all possible rigour."

Speaking thus, she gazed at the unfortunate prince with a power of resentment that he, who was true to his degree, met with a calm indifference.

"All possible rigour," said Sir Richard Pendragon softly, "is indeed the best part of the design of your old honest servant. And to that end, madam, I would ask to deliver John Castilian to you again in order that you may bestow this dreadful rigour upon him."

"It is well, Sirrah Red Dragon," said his mistress. "In this you are wise. We shall know in what sort to visit the spawn of darkness and bloody-minded prince."

"And yet, madam," said Sir Richard Pendragon, "by the grace of your ladyship is it not left to old honest Dickon to nominate the weapons of your severity?"

"Pray do so, Sirrah Red Dragon," said madam with a courteous indulgence. "But perhaps you will not omit to weigh the efficacy upon delicate flesh of hot sharp-pointed nails? And also of hard pieces of rock upon the sensitive limb bones?"

"Nay, madam," said Sir Richard Pendragon, "a good mother's son forgets not the efficacy of these honest things: yet, under the favour of your ladyship, if he is minded to speak out of his ripe observation, this elderly seeker after virtue would venture to recommend an even more dreadful rigour, a rigour even more salutary."

"By every manner of means, Sirrah Red Dragon, I would have you recommend it."

As the Countess Sylvia spoke she fixed another remorseless glance upon the unhappy prince.

"That which one who is old, madam," said the English giant in his softest voice, "and one who hath been accustomed all his years to grope for the light of the truth is fain to recommend to the grace of your ladyship, is the most excessive rigour known to mankind; a greater rigour which contains all the lesser rigours within itself; a rigour which poor unlucky manhood, be it that of prince or of peasant, is wont to regard with the same abhorrence as a sea-coal fire is regarded by a gib cat with a singed tail. The barbarous and excessive rigour to which your old honest servant refers, madam, is that which is profanely called holy matrimony. English Dickon humbly submits, madam, that you should receive John Castilian in the bonds of wedlock, and so visit the royal rascal according to his merit."



VALENTINI DEFENDS HIS ART.

From *Mme. Constantini's "Ragna."* (Sturgis & Walton Co.)

"I HAVE brought the picture you see,—I put the last touches to it this morning."

He unwrapped the picture as he spoke and gave it into her hands. It was a careful copy of exquisite delicacy of colour and finish and she gazed on it with a kind of wonder.

"How beautiful it is, and how wonderfully done!"

He flushed with pleasure at the note of genuine admiration in her voice.

"It's my business to do it well," he said simply. "I am glad you like it." He drew up a chair and seated himself beside her. "They will pay me well for it," he added, then as he saw the note jarred, "but it is not for the money I do it, though that is not to be despised—and the labourer is worthy of his hire. I love the work; it is the greatest pleasure in the world I think, to do the work one loves and do it well, to see it growing under one's touch. I lose myself quite and the time passes without my knowing it. When you are stronger you must take up your work again and you will feel what a satisfaction it is."

"The lines are all so beautiful," said Ragna, tracing them with her slender forefinger.

"Ah, that is where the old Masters are inimitable, especially Botticelli and his school. Do you not remember what I was saying to you the other day, that the study of them and their methods is the foundation of all true art? What do your modern painters make of the use of the line and the science of draughtsmanship? They slosh on their colours with barely a thought for structure and the result, pah!"

He took the picture from her as he spoke and propped it up against the lamp on the centre table. Ragna smiled.

"You are hard on the moderns."

"Hard on them! But I am right to be! They take themselves seriously, not their

work. And their training! Do they begin by grinding the colours and washing the brushes in the Master's studio and work slowly up from stage to stage until they become masters in their turn? Not they! They spend a few months or years in academies or studios or schools and then when they are tired of serious study, set up for themselves and with rockety technique and flashy design impress the imagination of the crowds. They spill pots of paint over their canvases and to hide their bad drawing, they do things in flat tones because they can't model and call it decorative art! They work for the commission, and a good price for a picture, a piece of scamped meretricious work, pure clap-trap, means more to them than all the traditions of art—yet they talk of Art for Art's sake! I tell you they are dirt! Dirt!"

He was carried away by his theme and marched up and down the small salotto, stamping his feet, gesticulating, threatening with annihilation the entire breed of modern

artists. His enthusiasm impressed Ragna; she saw in it the expression of burning conviction, and its true character escaped her—that of a facile heat of prejudice easily aroused and incapable of cool or judicious comparison. Still he was at his best when talking of art, and his love of it was entirely sincere.



PUBLISHING ON A SMALL SCALE.

From Curtis Yorke's "Wayward Anne."
(L. C. Page & Co.)

BUT Anne ignored it.

"I should like to see either Mr. Wiggins or Mr. Cramp," she said rather uncertainly.

"Mr. Cramp's having his lunch, miss. He'll most likely be back in about half an hour. He's lunching early to-day, on account of having to go into the country. Did you wish to see him about anything particular, miss?"

"Yes. I wish to see him about a letter I had regarding the publication of a—~~a~~ novel."

"Oh! What name, miss, please?"

"Miss Stafford," was the haughty answer. "If Mr. Cramp does not return for some time," she continued, "can I see Mr. Wiggins?"

A curious expression crossed the lad's shrewd, almost elderly face. "Oh, well—I'm Wiggins," he said jauntily. "I'm not exactly a partner, but the gov'nor's given me an interest in the business."

As he spoke a subdued note of importance crept into his shrill young voice.

Anne gazed straight before her in stony silence, while Mr. Wiggins searched among a pile of letters on the table.

"Ah, this is yours, isn't it?" he said, holding up Anne's "diplomatic" note of two days ago.

Anne looked at him.

"Do you mean to tell me that you—a little boy—are the Mr. Wiggins of this firm?" she said slowly.



From "An American Baby Abroad."

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"MARY, OBLIVIOUS OF ALL SAVE HER WEE CHARGE, DEVOTED HERSELF TO THE AMERICAN BABY."

"I'm Wiggins, sure enough," he said. Then, in a different tone he added: "But here's the guv'nor himself."

If Anne had any illusions left regarding her prospective publishers they vanished as Mr. Cramp made his appearance.

He looked about seventeen, and he was under-sized and very fat, with yellowish-white hair and eyelashes, and reddish eyes. Anne immediately conceived a violent dislike to him.

"Miss Stafford, sir," said Wiggins glibly. "Come to arrange about the publication of her novel."

"Ah, Miss Stafford—yes," said Mr. Cramp, in a hoarse, uncertain voice. "Pray take a chair, Miss Stafford."

"No, thank you," said Anne, holding herself very erect. "I—I have decided not to write for you on the terms you propose."

"Oh!" replied Mr. Cramp. "And why not?"

"For several reasons," said Anne steadily. "In the first place, I find I have not forty-two pounds to spare. Secondly, I think a penny royalty in a book of a hundred thousand words ought to begin with the first copy sold. And lastly, I do not think a firm of two little boys can give me the start in the literary world that I desire."

"Now, now, my dear young lady," remonstrated Mr. Cramp, seating himself sideways at the roller desk, and assuming an official air, "you must not let yourself be prejudiced by our unfortunately youthful appearance, and the unpretentiousness of our business premises. I can assure you that within the last few weeks we have netted—I mean we have secured—some of the most promising talent of the day. For one, there's young Lord G. Gander. When is his book to come out, Wiggins?"

"The date isn't fixed yet, sir," Wiggins promptly replied. "His cheque hasn't come to hand yet."

"Ah—is that so? Well, there's Mr. Tiverton Stamp. His book is certain to make a sensation. We expect to sell a thousand copies a day, if not more."

Here a smothered giggle from Mr. Wiggins made his senior glance at him sharply.

"NOT IN A MILLION YEARS," HE PROTESTED.

From George Barr McCutcheon's *"The Butterfly Man."* (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

"Nor in a million years," he protested in the language dearest to a heart no older than hers. His fingers touched hers as they lay on the arm of the big chair. Emboldened, he clasped her little hand gently, insinuating his courage into her quivering nerves.

She withdrew her hand quickly and a startled look came into her young dark eyes. The gentle attack had come too soon; the affair had not grown to such proportions. Through her simple, untried brain danced the confessions of other girls who had said that he squeezed their fingers so deliciously when

dancing. And, then, like a flash, there came to her the memory of a story in which a young and fashionable married woman was involved. She remembered sharply that there had been gossip—that he owed his advent into the smart world to the influence of this clever matron, who had vouched for him, paraded him, flirted flagrantly with him, and then had dropped out of the respectable set as a comet disappears into space. Somehow this tender girl, for the first time in her life, instinctively felt the caution of her sex creeping into existence; she was capable of reflection. This was the moment which comes to every girl—the moment when she begins to analyze the motives of the opposite sex—for it is always opposite.

"Forgive me," he murmured abjectly. She imagined that he turned very pale. Her heart fluttered, but something cold raced down to her finger-tips. All she could do was to smile, with a sharp, sob-like catch in her breath. She was learning a new lesson in life.

At that moment some one came into the hall and in exasperated tones called out to Blynn to hurry up: he was delaying the game.

Blynn arose instantly. "I'll see you tomorrow at four?" he said, his eyes bent closely upon hers. She nodded and smiled.



EXPRESS TRAFFIC IN SICILY.

From Tozier's *"Susan in Sicily."* (L. C. Page & Co.)

At Cibalo the nearly entire third class carriages, which made up a third of the train, discharged their passengers and received a new contingent of chattering peasants. The station platform swarmed with vividly dressed market women, carrying bundles tied in red or yellow handkerchiefs, while the *Capo Stazione*, in his scarlet cap, rushed up and down the platform striving to make himself heard in the din. Men with fierce faces peering from folds of gray shawls they wore wound around their heads, carrying guns slung by a strap over their shoulders, carabinieri, always in couples—an occasional bersagliere with his jaunty feathered hat, slinking dogs and protesting donkeys, and domestic fowl objecting vehemently to their crated condition, was what we looked out upon at the Cibalo; and these we were to see in more or less variety at all the stations on our way.

Every man in our compartment leaned from the windows and shouted to others who were equally perilously suspended from the windows of another train which passed. The conductor raising his voice to a desperate pitch cried: "*Pronto!*" and "*Partenza!*" He blew his little horn furiously. We did not move. Those at the windows joined in the clamour: "*Ma! why do we not go!*" but like the chauffeur in comic illustrations, the engineer was under his machine. Every male passenger gave him advice from his vantage ground of window or platform, the conductor went forward to make suggestions, but

not until the driver crawled up into his cab again and "*Partenza, Pronto!*" and the little horn was heard once more did we proceed on our journey.

This same process was repeated at so many stations, that it was destined to cause us unspeakable anxiety before the day was over, but of this later.

Assuredly we travelled slowly. Hours after we left it Catania was still within sight. It lay far below us basking in the sunlight on the border of a wondrously lovely violet sea, pretending to be one of the choice spots on earth. Its domes and pinnacles glistened in the brilliant light, bowers of green encircled it, and although we knew the arrant deceit and falseness of such pretence, we were so carried away by the magic of the opalescent tints that we forgot its unworthiness and adored it from the distance.



PAMELA DANCES IN THE GARDEN.

From Edgar Jepson's "*The Garden at 19.*" (Wessels & Bissel.)

I WENT into the back room for a last look, and lingered gazing down into the garden, wondering whether I had really seen the lawn full of dancing figures, whether I had really heard that half-human, wanton laugh, wondering what was under the cupola. Then I heard the door of No. 19 leading into the garden open softly, and I drew my head back into the shadow. A figure went down the path to the lawn; my eye had grown well used to the dim light, and to my surprise I saw that it was Pamela.

She was dressed in white, a white tunic; her arms were bare, and I was nearly sure that her legs and feet were bare, too.

A little way down the path she stopped and looked up at No. 20. Plainly she was looking to see if I were keeping my watch.

Then a whisper of "Heine" came floating up to me.

I was on the very point of answering, when I stopped myself. I wanted to see what she would do.

She went on down the garden, crossed the lawn, and went out of my sight towards the cupola. I heard a clinking of curtain-rings on a metal rod, as if she had drawn a curtain.

Then she came back to the lawn and began to dance, her face towards the cupola. I wished heartily that there was enough light for me to see her clearly. It was a slow dance with many movements of the arms in it; it reminded me of the dancing of a girl on Greek vases; even in that dim light I could see that it was a graceful, charming dance. Presently she stopped and stood, facing the cupola, uttering an invocation or a prayer. Then she danced again, singing very softly, so softly that I could not catch a word of the song. She danced for a long while, singing. When her dance came to an end she stood again before the cupola uttering another prayer.



From "*The Garden at 19.*"

Copyright, 1910, by Wessels & Bissel.

"THE RITUAL HAD HARDLY BEGUN WHEN I OBSERVED A CHANGE IN IT."

Then she came slowly down the garden. I heard her panting softly as she drew near. And she passed into the house.

On the next evening we went down to Kew Gardens, early; and when we had seated ourselves on our bank by the river, I said, "I saw you dancing in the garden last night."

"You did?" she cried, flushing. "Didn't you hear me call up to you to find out if you were there?"

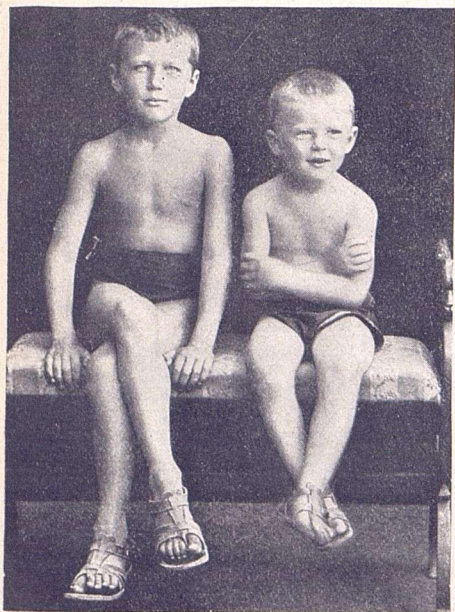
"Yes, but I wanted to learn what you were going to do."

"That was horrid of you!" she cried. "It was—it was just spying on me!"

"I'm afraid there's no other word for it," I said contritely. "But what was I to do? If I'm to look after you, as I mean to look after you, I must learn everything I can, mustn't I? I'm only bothering about your uncle's doings on your account. And don't you think I'm enough of a friend even to spy on you?"

"Still—still—I don't like it. It was rather horrid," she said in a milder tone.

"It was nothing of the kind. It was the most charming and delightful dance I ever saw."



From "The Fresh Air Book" Copyright, 1910, by
Frederick A. Stokes Co.

THE AUTHOR'S SONS, IB AND PER, AGED 7 AND 3,
RESPECTIVELY.

"But like that," she said, blushing again.

"Oh, you needn't mind that. There wasn't enough light to see you clearly."

She breathed a gentle sigh of relief.

"And what were you doing? It was by way of being a ritual dance, wasn't it?" I said.

"Yes," she said slowly. "It was an idea of

mine. Why shouldn't I learn some of the secrets for myself?"

"I don't like it. I don't like your tampering with the forbidden things. I have the strongest feeling that they are very dangerous. Already they've given me the two worst frights I ever had in my life. And the worst of it is both those frights were inexplicable."



LESS CLOTHES AND BETTER HEALTH.

From Müller's "The Fresh Air Book." (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

WHAT beautiful skins the ancient Greeks possessed, acquired by constant practice, *i.e.*, body exercises, which they performed without clothes in the open air, under a blazing sun! Their skins were of a golden-brown color, like bronze, and were as soft as velvet, but at the same time quite inured to all climatic conditions. That the skin is so inured does not mean that it is hard, but rather that it possesses the facility of transmitting the warmth and coolness, dryness and moisture, and the different chemical and electric influences, so that these, instead of harming or weakening the body, invigorate and preserve its vitality. While the skin of the palms of the hands and soles of the feet becomes hard and horny through constant use, the skin of the rest of the body has this entirely opposite peculiarity, that the more it is rubbed and exposed to the sun and the wind the softer it becomes. We who live in northern cities can make our skins as healthy and fine as those of the old Greeks, if we only do as they did.

Even in winter a sportsman requires no more warmth than that supplied by the sun. I have spent half an hour running about on a snow covered mountain with only my boots on.

If the skin has been hardened by massage exercise during the daily air-bath in the bedroom, there is no need to avoid exposing it, when opportunity offers, in the open sun. Skin that is not accustomed to such exposure is liable to redness, and may become very painful and start peeling; it is possible that one may contract a little fever; but even in such an unpleasant event, the new skin will be of fine color and healthier than the old. In order to prove whether the acquirement of an exercise and sudden "sun burning" was attended with any danger, I allowed myself to be literally roasted in March, 1906, for a whole hour, under the powerful electric apparatus of the Finsen light-rays. The report certified that my skin was burnt, and that little blisters had formed all over my body; my skin pricked me for a few days, and then peeled off in tiny pieces; but I did not experience the slightest feeling of illness. An air-bath in the rain is very refreshing in warm weather; but when it is misty, one must be very careful.

Mankind needs air and light, and there are people who believe that all physical and mental suffering would vanish if only we returned to a state of nature, but this cannot be done at once.

THROUGH THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

From Clifton Johnson's "Picturesque St. Lawrence." (Macmillan Co.)

THE steamers that make the down-river trips through the islands leave Kingston at a very early hour, and on the autumn day that I went over the route the morn was still dusky and starlit when I went on board. But soon after we started the sun came up in the red eastern haze, and sent its warm level beams over the broad expanse of the river. We continued among the islands for four or five hours, yet much of the time so large were they that it seemed as if we were sailing down a stream with mainland on either side. At other times we were amid clusters of the lesser islands, many of which are owned by wealthy people who have built fine residences on them and laid out tasteful grounds. These summer homes represent all kinds of domiciles from the modest cottage of the camper to the imposing castle of the millionaire. Occasionally a little bridge connected islets, and the waterside was buttressed with a stout stone wall that followed in a sinuous line the natural contour of the shore. The turf and the trees, too, were groomed into a park-like aspect, and it was all very pretty and pleasant. But I preferred those islands that were still in a wild state of nature, with bristling firs and pines crowning their rugged rocks. As a whole they are mild and low-lying and make no very striking appeal to the sense of sight, though admirers declare them to be the most picturesque archipelago in the world. Their chief attraction consists in the constant changes of scene, daintiness of form, and the turning and intersecting of the transparent waterways gliding placidly between. That they should be healthful and have charm for a summer resort with that cool flow of crystalline water always about them is no wonder.

LADY MARY RIDES "HOSPITAL."

From David Gray's "Mr. Carteret." (Century Co.)

"WHERE is the other one?" asked Lady Withers of a stable-boy.

"In the back stable yard, your Ladyship," said the boy. "Lady Mary is riding him."

Each one of the four looked at the other speechless with horror.

"Lady Mary!" gasped the Major.

Mr. Carteret and Barclay started for the back stable yard, but Barclay got there first. As he was opening the gate, Mr. Carteret caught up. "Keep your head," he observed. There were sounds of hoof-beats, exclama-



From "The Picturesque St. Lawrence."

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THE FALLS OF MONTMORENCY.

tions from grooms and other indications of battle. They went in and saw Lady Mary sitting on the back of a creature rather more hairy and unpleasant-looking than Smallpox. Her face was pink with exertion, but otherwise she looked as neat, unruffled, and slim as she always did in the saddle. Hospital had paused, panting, and was trying to look at her out of the back of his eyes in sour wonder. He was not defeated. He was merely surprised that his preliminary exhibition had not left him alone with the saddle. When there was only the saddle to get rid of he usually got down to business and "bucked some," as they say in Western regions.

Lady Mary nodded as they entered, and her lips parted in a little smile.

"Good morning," said Mr. Carteret. He saw that the situation was serious and fraught with difficulties. And there was no time to be lost. "I've something extremely important to tell you," he said in a matter-of-fact tone. "Will you be good enough to get your leg well clear of the pommel and slip off that horse?"

"Well, really," said the girl, laughing, "it

is so unpleasant getting on that I should rather you told me as I am."

"I will explain afterward," said Mr. Carteret, "but you would oblige me very much by slipping off that horse immediately."

The girl looked at him. "I see through you," she said, "you are afraid I'll get bucked off."

"It would be no disgrace," he answered; "you are not sitting on a horse, but on an explosion."

"It would be a disgrace to get off because you were afraid," said the girl. "Besides," she continued in a lower voice, "I'm very sorry for the way in which my aunt and Cecil have acted in this matter. You warned them that the horses might buck playfully. You know the Granvils are supposed to ride." She broke off and spoke to the horse, for Hospital had satisfied his curiosity as to the newcomers, and was walking sidewise, deciding whether he would buck some more or roll over.



RALEIGH SAVES THE QUEEN.

From Devereux's "Raleigh." (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

HE had no sooner completed this task, when a low tapping was heard at the door.

Raleigh paused to listen, uncertain whether it was not the creepers. The tapping was renewed.

"The Queen!" he exclaimed under his breath, and then cast a look at the inert form at the furthest end of the room. "She must not see that," he said to himself, and going forward, pulled the thing under the tapestry that hung, mildewed and ragged, at the end of the room.

Then he hurried to the door, admitted a cloaked figure and bolted it again.

The woman who had entered came forward and took off her mask and threw off her cloak.

Raleigh stooped to pick it up, so that, when she turned, she did not see his face.

"God's body, man," said she in the petulant tones he knew so well, "you keep me waiting, and it rains as if a sky had fallen in! . . . Where is your master, fellow?"

Raleigh stood up. "Lord Leicester is in Flanders," he said quietly.

Elizabeth looked at him in amazement.

"Sir Walter Raleigh!" She flushed from red to white, from white to red again. "Why, Walter," she said in faltering tones, "what trick is this?" Then, as she realized the full meaning of his presence, her black eyes grew hard and bright. "God's death, man, how dare you?" she said under her breath, in the deep contralto that betokened extreme emotion with her. "How got you from the Tower? Sir Amyas Porter shall lose his head for this! How got you here?"

But Raleigh was hardly paying attention to her.

"Sh——!" he hissed imperatively. He listened at the bolted door. "Not yet," he whispered. "Is your Majesty alone?"

She was quick to see that something desperate was afoot, and woman-like fell natur-

ally into the rôle of the catechized instead of the catechist.

"I left my guards outside the grounds," she returned in a voice as low as his.

"And they dare not seek you?"

"I am incognito."

Raleigh made a despairing gesture "Which means only the Queen may forget she is a queen. They dare not come, even if they hear strange things, and this storm would drown a battle!"

Elizabeth hesitated between suspicion and doubt, between faith and distrust. But her courage did not fail her.

"What trick is this, Walter? God's death, man, this is too much. Unbar that door and let me pass!"

Raleigh looked her in the eyes. "It would be certain death," he said.

She held herself proudly.



A MEDIAEVAL BRIGAND DE LUXE.

From Sir Francis Vane's "Walks in Tuscany."
(John Lane Co.)

CASTRUCCIO CASTRACANI spent the major portion of his life in fighting for hire and incidental looting, and eventually subjugated a district, over which he ruled with great fairness and justice. The evening of his days he apparently spent in designing and building the most beautiful bridges in the world, those, for example, at Borgo a Mozzano (the Devil's Bridge), at Calavorno, and at Castelnuovo—all in the Serchio valley.

What opportunities of romantic acquisition had these old professional soldiers of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries! They were trained in arms by the French wars, and had the richest country in Europe—Italy—as a happy hunting-ground, which land, inhabited by an industrial population generally skilled in every art but that of war, offered every opportunity to the German, French, and Italian trained mercenary. Our own countrymen, it is encouraging to remember, also took advantage of this favourable opportunity of living on the fat burgher of the rich Italian cities, for Sir John Hawkwood and his band of English did quite their share in relieving the citizens of the responsibility of their wealth, if the Pisan chronicles speak true.



KALMAN ANGERS ROSENBLATT.

From Ralph Connor's "The Forcignier." (George H. Doran Co.)

THE boy had a voice of remarkable range and clearness, and he rendered the song with a verve and dramatic force remarkable in one of his age. The song was received with wild cheers and loud demands for more. The boy was about to refuse, when through the crowding faces, all aglow with enthusiastic delight, he saw the scowling face of Rosenblatt. A fierce rage seized him. He hesitated no longer.

"Yes, another song," he cried, and springing to the side of the musicians he hummed

the air, and then took his place again upon the beer keg.

Before the musicians had finished the introductory bars, Irma came to his side and entreated: "Oh, Kalman, not that one! Not that one!"

As the boy's strong, clear voice rang out in the last cry for vengeance, there thrilled in his tones an intensity of passion that gripped hard the hearts of those who had known all their lives long the bitterness of tyranny unspeakable. In the last word the lad's voice broke in a sob. Most of that company knew the boy's story, and knew that he was singing out his heart's deepest passion.

When the song was finished, there was silence for a few brief moments; then a man, a Russian, caught the boy in his arms, lifted him on his shoulder and carried him round the room, the rest of the men madly cheering. All but one. Trembling with inarticulate rage, Rosenblatt strode to the musicians.

"Listen!" he hissed, with an oath. "Do I pay you for this? No more of this folly! Play up a czardas, and at once!"



From "The Green Mouse."

Copyright, 1910, by D. Appleton & Co.

"I'M AFRAID," HE VENTURED, "THAT I MAY REQUIRE THAT TABLE FOR CUTTING."

But it was as though he did not hear her. His face was set and white, his blue eyes glowed black. He stood with lips parted, waiting for the cue to begin. His audience, to most of whom the song was known, caught by a mysterious telepathy the tense emotion of the boy, and stood silent and eager, all smiles gone from their faces. The song was in the Ruthenian tongue, but was the heart cry of a Russian exile, a cry for freedom for his native land, for death to the tyrant, for vengeance on the traitor. Nowhere in all the Czar's dominions dared any man sing that song.

A MERMAID AT OYSTER BAY.

From Robert W. Chambers's "The Green Mouse." (D. Appleton & Co.)

THERE was a fat tub of a boat at his landing; he reached the shore in a series of long, distracted leaps, sprang aboard, cast off, thrust both oars deep into the water, and fairly hurled the boat forward, so that it alternately skipped, wallowed, scuttered, and scrambled, like a hen overboard.

"This is terrible," he groaned. "If I *didn't* see what I think I saw, I'll eat my hat; if I did see what I'm sure I saw, I'm madder than the hatter who made it!"

Nearer and nearer, heard by him distinctly above the frantic splashing of his oars, her Lorelei song sounded perilously sweet and clear.

"Oh, bunch!" he moaned; "it's horribly like the real thing; and here I come headlong, as they do in the story books—"

He caught a crab that landed him in a graceful parabola in the bow, where he lay biting at the air to recover his breath. Then

his boat's nose plowed into the sandy neck of land; he clambered to his feet, jumped out, and ran headlong into the belt of trees which screened the singer. Speed and gait recalled the effortless grace of the kangaroo; when he encountered logs and gullies he rose grandly, sailing into space, landing with a series of soft bounces, which presently brought him to the other side of the woods.

And there, what he beheld, what he heard, almost paralyzed him. Weak-kneed, he passed a trembling hand over his incredulous eyes; with the courage of despair, he feebly pinched himself. Then for sixty sickening

seconds he closed his eyes and pressed both hands over his ears. But when he took his hands away and opened his terrified eyes, the exquisitely seductive melody, wind blown from the water, thrilled him in every fiber; his wild gaze fell upon a distant, glittering shape—white-armed, golden-haired, fish-tailed, slender body glittering with silvery scales.

The low rippling wash of the tide across the pebbly shore was in his ears; the salt wind was in his throat. He saw the sun flash on golden comb and mirror, as her snowy fingers caressed the splendid masses of her hair; her song stole sweetly seaward as the wind veered.

A terrible calm descended upon him.

"This is interesting," he said aloud.

A sickening wave of terror swept him, but he straightened up, squaring his shoulders.

"I may as well face the fact," he said, "that I, Henry Kingsbury, of Pebble Point, Northport, L. I., and recently in my right mind, am now, this very moment, looking at a—mermaid in Long Island Sound!"



THE EVOLUTION OF THE "SPIT BALL."

From Evers's "Touching Second." (The Reilly & Britton Co.)

WITH all these varieties of speed and curves, pitchers were not satisfied and each kept seeking more varieties of slants warranted to prevent hitting. There came into baseball in 1903 a ball that came near revolutionizing the game. The Chicago White Sox had signed Elmer Stricklett. While the team was training at New Orleans, Stricklett was pitching to batters in practice when he pitched a ball which, whirling rapidly for a short distance, suddenly ceased revolving, commenced to float and wobble like a slow ball and then darted down and out like a fast curve, leaving the batter staring in astonishment. Stricklett repeated the pitch and immediately every man on the field was clamoring to see the ball and bat at it, suspecting some trick. That night correspondents sent messages filled with wild theories regarding the "spit ball." It is odd to recall the "call down" one of the correspondents received from the managing editor who telegraphed:

"Please confine yourself to facts. No such thing as a spit ball is possible and the expression is vulgar."

The managing editor was partly right; the ball is not a spit ball but a thumb ball. It is pitched with two (sometimes with three) fingers held on one side and the thumb on the other. The ball is made slippery at the point touched by the fingers, so that it slides off the fingers with the minimum of friction. The thumb, gripped tightly against the seam on the opposite side, gives the maximum of friction at that point, the result being that the ball, leaving the thumb, takes "reverse English." It whirls rapidly for a short distance, until the heavy friction begins to overcome the natural rotary motion of the ball, when it stops rotating, as if a struggle be-

tween the two forces was going on, then the thumb "English" gains control and the ball darts just as it would have done if curved naturally, shooting in the direction the heaviest friction was applied. A "spit ball," when pitched directly overhand, darts almost straight downward, and when pitched side-arm, with the thumb toward the body, it darts as a fast curve does, down and outward. Immense power and speed are required to pitch the ball successfully, as the faster it is pitched the faster and sharper the curve will be.

The "thumb ball," pitched without moisture, was used before Stricklett found saliva would negative the friction of the fingers, but the object was to get heavy friction on the thumb, rather than to decrease friction on the other side. The principle of the "spit ball" was used in Griffith's and Radbourne's slow balls. Those who saw Griffith pitch will remember how he always tapped the ball upon his heel spikes, and tried to persuade umpires he was knocking the dirt out of the spikes. His object was to make small cuts or abrasions on the surface of the ball, against which to press his thumb and get more friction at the desired point. He never thought of greasing or wetting the ball to lessen friction on the opposite side.

Obtaining more friction at one point was the object of many pitchers. Some rubbed the ball on gritty dirt, others carried small files to use surreptitiously. One sharp rasp of the file and the ball was "winged," at a certain point. The pitcher gripped his fingers against the "winged" spot and not only was the sharpness of the curve accentuated, but the "wings," by offering more resistance to the air, caused the ball to make eccentric shoots in the air.



MR. DANKS IS SHOWN HIS GLASS HOUSE.

From J. J. Bell's "Wullie McWattie's Master." (F. H. Revell Co.)

MR. DANKS growled and looked as though he would like to depart; but the painter held him with a glistening, if not glittering, eye. The two other men shuffled their feet, grinning sheepishly.

"On a certain occasion—no' the only occasion by ony means—Sam Rintoul received frae the Colonel a boax, such as ye are noo regardin' wi' shuphreme interest. The boax contained bottles o' the best whisky, tinned meats o' the finest quality, an' buns an' maybe, biscuits. Sam could never afford to supply hissel' wi' luxuries; he couldna afford to buy hissel' a dram, an' never did I hear o' you chaps offerin' him a dram gratis. Never! An' never did I hear o' ye veesitin' him, the lanesome auld man—never!—under or nar' circumstances."

"Dry up!" Mr. Danks muttered impatiently.

Mr. Redhorn continued:—

"But in extr'or'nar circumstances, such as the arrival o' the boax, I've heard that Sam had a conseederable number o' veesitors. Maybe they gaed to see that he didna hurt

hissel' wi' luxuries. Dootless that was their objec' an' sincere desire, for they could a' afford a dram an' ither moderate enjoynments on their ain account. At ony rate, Sam Rintoul wasna permitted to hurt hissel'."

"That'll dae, Ridhorn," said the plumber. "The man gets his whisky an' buns for naething. It costs him naething to offer a few freen's a taste an' a bite."

"A few freen's tastin' an' bitin' for a few weeks costs him a' he gets frae the Colonel," the painter retorted, with perhaps a little heat in his high-pitched voice. "As I was sayin', if he's greedy noo, it's in self-defense. I dinna blame him for bein' suspicious o' certain o' his voracious neebours."



MR. POLLY TAKES PART IN AN IDYL.

From H. G. Wells's "Mr. Polly." (Duffield & Co.)

THE arrival at the inn was a great affair. No one, they were convinced, would take them for drapers, and there might be a pretty serving girl or a jolly old lady, or what Parsons called a "bit of character" drinking in the bar.

There would always be weighty enquiries as to what they could have, and it would work out always at cold beef and pickles, or fried ham and eggs and shandy-gaff, two pints of beer and two bottles of ginger beer foaming in a huge round-bellied jug.

The glorious moment of standing lordly in the inn doorway, and staring out at the world, the swinging sign, the geese upon the green, the duckpond, a waiting wagon, the church tower, a sleepy cat, the blue heavens, with the sizzle of the frying audible behind one! The keen smell of the bacon! The trotting of feet bearing the repast; the click and clatter as the tableware is finally arranged! A clean white cloth!

"Ready, Sir!" or "Ready, Gentlemen." Better hearing that than "Forward Polly! look sharp!"

The going in! The sitting down! The falling to!

"Bread, O' Man?"

"Right O! Don't bag all the crust, O' Man."

Once a simple mannered girl in a pink print dress stayed and talked with them as they ate; led by the gallant Parsons they professed to be all desperately in love with her, and courted her to say which she preferred of them, it was so manifest she did prefer one and so impossible to say which it was held her there, until a distant maternal voice called her away. Afterwards as they left the inn she waylaid them at the orchard corner and gave them, a little shyly, three keen yellow-green apples—and wished them to come again some day, and vanished, and reappeared looking after them as they turned the corner—waving a white handkerchief. All the rest of that day they disputed over the signs of her favour, and the next Sunday they went there again.

But she had vanished, and a mother of forbidding aspect afforded no explanations.

If Platt and Parsons and Mr. Polly live to



From "The Princess of Forge."

The Macaulay Co.

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"UP AND DOWN THE SLOPES WE WENT."

be a hundred, they will none of them forget that girl as she stood with a pink flush upon her, faintly smiling and yet earnest, parting the branches of the hedgerows and reaching down apple in hand. Which of them was it, had caught her spirit to attend to them? . . .



"I CAN'T SWEAR LIES!"

From Warwick Deeping's "The Rust of Rome." (Casell.)

THE two men spoke in whispers, standing together in the shadow at some little distance from the two figures at the window.

"Thorkell shot himself after she died."

"Suicide?"

"Yes. Hemorrhage from the lungs killed the wife. She was at the piano."

Heriot glanced at the keyboard.

"Good God, Gisborne, can't this be hushed up?"

The doctor growled and gave a fierce shake of the shoulders.

"It can't be done, man; it can't be done! Look at that pistol! I can't swear lies. Listen! As if those infernal swine yonder couldn't keep quiet!"

Heriot and Gisborne stood listening to the ugly babel that was rising on the far side of the laurel hedge. The men had stopped work and had gathered for a meal. Several women had joined them. And the braying laughter, the swearing and gossiping, seemed a gross mockery of the dead.

Heriot swung on his heel.

"God! I can't stand that! It's infamous!"

He flung out of the house, Gisborne after

him. But when they turned the hedge the hubbub had hesitated and dwindled. Roger Burgoyne himself was riding up through the firs of Bilberry.

Gisborne seized Heriot by the shoulder; and these two grim men looked into each other's eyes.

"Let me go for him, Benjamin."

"No, I grudge you that."

"Come, man, I have a sort of authority. And there is the devil on your shoulders."

Heriot gave way, and Gisborne walked straight on to meet Burgoyne. And what he said to him Heriot was able to imagine. Burgoyne's face was the face of an evil and chastised thing when Gisborne turned away and walked back towards Heriot.

"He's had it," he said bluntly; "and if he's blackguard enough to keep these roughs at work here—by gad, I'll thrash him! Yes, I can do it, man; and, by George, I will, if he gives me half a chance."

They went back to the house together, explored every room, closed the windows, and locked the doors. Gisborne jangled the keys as he and Heriot stood at the garden gate. He was looking hard at the horizon.

"There's the girl," he said.

Heriot felt something contract about his heart.

"What news!"

"She will have to be told."

"I know. Good heavens, Gisborne, what a message!"

He stood there biting his lips, some great struggle seeming to be going on within him. And in that moment of tragedy Heriot found himself swept irresistibly towards the deeps of another's sorrow.

"Drive me down to Crutchet, Gisborne."

"Come along, then."

The doctor unfastened the mare and they climbed into the gig.

"You'll wire to her? Do you know her address?"

Heriot nodded, and they were both silent for a while.

Then Heriot spoke again.

"Isn't it possible to save her some of this?"

Gisborne flapped the reins on the mare's back.

"You mean——?"

"Must there be an inquest?"

"Man, I can't swear lies! The poor mother died naturally enough; but Thor-kell——"

Heriot stared at the wild waves of the moor.

"God help her," he said.

"What a home-coming!"

"OH, DICK, I CAN DANCE."

From Dejean's "The Heart of Desire." (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

TAKING her hand from his she reached over and lifted the guitar from the table, bending her head and listening to the music below. Then she touched a chord or two, softly, in tune with the Spanish dance they were playing. "It's old Valdez, still," she said. "Do you remember how they used to play, and I would dance for you—just steps I made up in my head? I can dance a good deal better now."

He looked down at her, at the white nape of her neck with its two or three soft curls, and the curve of her cheek, and his brows lifted, the lines about his mouth relaxing. "What did you mean when you said 'as long as you were here'?" he asked, in a lower tone.

"Just that I am going away again in a little while."



From "The Rust of Rome."

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From "A Labrador Spring"

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COMPLETED WIGWAM.

"I thought you were going to be here—
indefinitely. You told me so in your note!"
Allison exclaimed, sharply.

She lifted her head a little. "Why, yes,
but Inez has decided, and Mr. Payne, that I
better go on with my dancing. Inez has spent
a good deal of money on my lessons, and
she seems to be very hard up just now. I
think Mr. Payne means to get me an engage-
ment as soon as he can."

There was perfect silence, then Allison
said a trifle indistinctly, "Where would you
go?"

"East somewhere," she replied.

"Quita, you dancing on the stage—you
wouldn't do it?" His voice held entreaty.

"I would. How can I live here? I can
stand it a few weeks, until they get me a
place with some company, but that's all. You
don't know what it is like up in that house,
and with Inez."

"No," he said in a low voice. "I never
thought much about it—until lately. You
seemed such a little thing, and just a part
of the garden, and then they had the sense
to send you away to a good school. Is it
necessary, Quita?"

"What else is there for me to do? What
else do I know?" she exclaimed, with a touch
of passion. "And, oh, Dick, I can dance—!
They went wild over me this spring at 'The
Academy'!" She half rose, and his arm
went round her as if to keep her, but she
slipped from his hold, and was out of the
door. Allison followed her to the verge of
the ledge where she stood impatiently tap-
ping time to the music. It came in snatches
and was too fast to suit her, but at the
touch of Allison's hand on her arm she
whirled away from him like a feather on the
breeze. He had often watched her in delight
when she was a child, but he stood now
frowning heavily, the blood rising to his
temples. It was a luminous night, clear and
star-lit, and he could see her features; her

face was pale in its black setting, her eyes
wide and brilliant. She stood poised a mo-
ment beyond his reach, her head bent to
catch the rhythm, her skirts held wide, her
small feet and ankles visible, and then she
barely moved to it, a floating improvisation
of her own, that, at the quickening of the
measure, changed into the perfect poetry of
motion. She scarcely lifted her feet from
the ground as she moved the length of the
level space, but her body turned and swayed,
bent and lifted, her skirts now caught about
her, every graceful line of her body apparent,
now spread wide like a cloud. Once, twice,
she passed him, her eyes alight, the smile
on her lips mocking, but the third time he
caught her and lifted her, and as he clasped
her he whispered as he had before, "Quita,
oh, Quita!"



"INDIAN! SO I WAS."

From Broderick's "The Brand." (Alice Harriman
Co.)

WHAT a picture he made! His upturned
face, silhouetted against the trees, seemed in
a halo of light—the arms lifted in an appeal
to the sky. The garb of the white man en-
shrouded him, the robe of the Indian lay at
his feet. Slowly he passed his hands across
his brow with a despairing gesture, and held
them over his eyes, as if they could no longer
endure the lovely, if loveless, night.

When the object of her alarm had van-
ished, Bess startled West by springing quick-
ly to the top of the log and saying: "Oh,
Henry! How you frightened me! When I
saw you stalking through the trees I thought
it was an In—!" Quickly as she checked
herself, she was not quick enough, for West
ended her sentence for her.

"Indian! So I was—see, lying here at my
feet!"

He stooped, picked up the Navajo blanket,

which he had hastily caught off the couch and wrapped about him when his mother awakened him.

He quietly walked over to the girl standing on the log, nonchalantly enfolded himself in the blanket, crossed it over his face to his eyes, and for a moment stood motionless. Bess placed her fingers against her parted lips as if to keep back any idle words.

"Sometimes—sometimes—now, I wish all I knew was how to wrap my blanket about me!" he said, with effort. "The great outside world does not want me, cannot understand me. What need or comfort are the things which the world has taught me, when after all, my winding-sheet will be but a blanket? What right has the world to give me a desire for knowledge, a taste of heaven, an understanding of the past, a dread of the future, and then hold up its hands to say, 'You are still an Indian.'"



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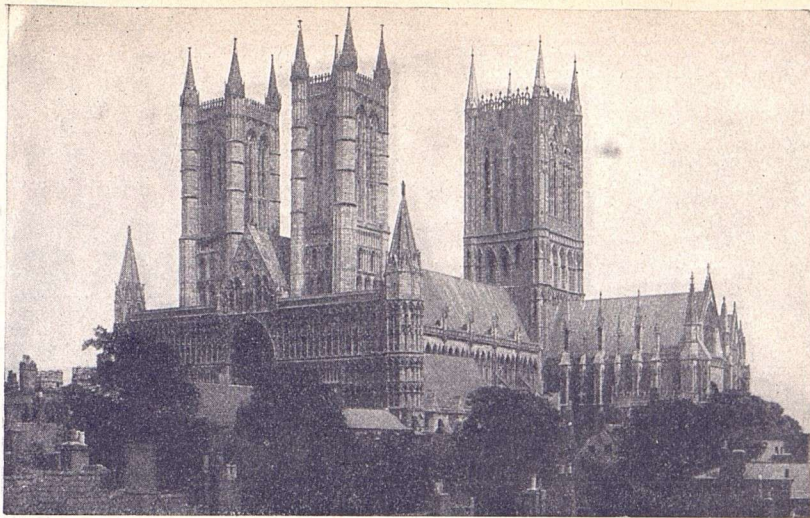
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From "The Circuit Rider's Wife."

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"THE OLD, BURLY COUNTRY DOCTOR BENDING ABOVE ME."



From "Cathedral Churches of England."

Duffield & Co.

LINCOLN.

A Select List of Books for Summer Reading

including all those mentioned or advertised elsewhere in this issue. The abbreviations of publishers' names will guide to the advertisements, which frequently contain more extended descriptive notes.

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 BAILEY (Liberty Hyde), Manual of gardening, *net*, \$2.....*Macmillan*
 BARNES (Parker T.), House plants and how to grow them, \$1.10.....*Doubleday, P.*
 BEEBE (M. B. and C. W.), Our search for a wilderness, *net*, \$2.75.....*Holt*
 BEECROFT (W. D.), *comp.*, Who's who among the ferns, *net*, \$1.....*Moffat, Y.*
 — Who's who among the wild flowers, *net*, \$1.20.....*Moffat, Y.*
 BERTELLI (Luigi), ["Vamba"], The prince and his ants, *net*, \$1.50.....*Holt*
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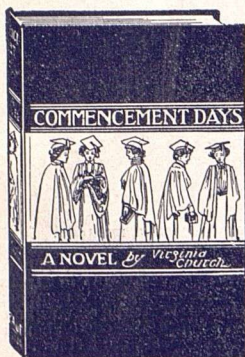
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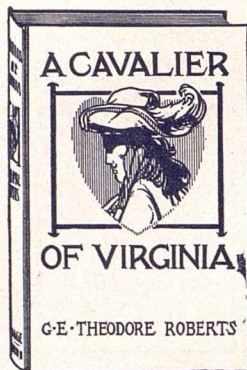
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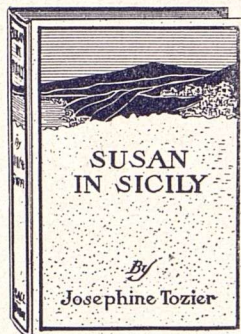
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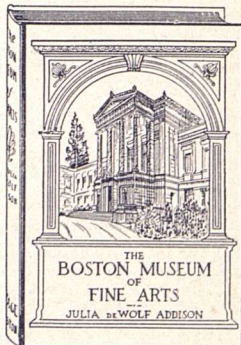


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